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Modern Life

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CLEVERLY ILLUSTRATED, WITTY AND BRIGHT.

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ROYAL AND SOCIETY NEWS.

(Exclusive to "Modern Life.")

"STRANGERS" AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE.

The Mixed Crowd of Foreign Royalties now Visiting the Court of St. James.

King Manoel's bride-to-be has been the most interesting visitor at Buckingham Palace during the week—to the ladies that is—and King George and Queen Mary both did their utmost to make the young lady feel "one of themselves!" Princess Augusta of Hohenzollern, on her marriage to Portugal's ex-King, will herself become a Queen, and as she is destined probably to pass most of the rest of her life in England, unless King Manoel regains his lost throne, she is like to figure for many years amongst the leaders of English Society. Consequently King George and Queen Mary have done their best to make Princess Augusta welcome, which is as it should be. The future "Queen Augusta" has her father, the Prince of Hohenzollern, with her, and King Manoel and his mother, Queen Amelie, were invited to the Royal luncheon-party in the Palace which took place in the Princess's honour on Monday in last week.

* * *

A Blood-Curdling Story for Queen Alexandra.

Meanwhile Queen Alexandra has been revelling in reminiscences with one of the most remarkable old ladies in Europe. She is Madame Waddington, the widow of the once famous Englishman who represented the Court of France in London. Since Madame Waddington was last with Queen Alexandra her family have undergone some tragic vicissitudes. The romance which Madame Waddington had to tell Queen Alexandra began in 1906, when Carlos Waddington was in charge of the Chilian Legation in Brussels. He was the father of a very beautiful daughter, and Miss Waddington had just arrived at her twenty-third year when there arrived from Chili a handsome young Secretary-of Legation named Ernesto Balmaceda. The young couple promptly fell in love, and in the stress of their youthful ardour, and without waiting for any priestly sanction, they took up their abode on the same side of the house.

Ernesto Balmaceda was only twenty, and when he was faced with the fact that he would have to marry the girl he tried to run off to South America. There was a terrible scene with Miss Waddington's mother, during which that lady broke down under her grief, and just at the wrong moment Yaya Waddington's brother burst into the room. Seeing his mother's distress, he demanded to know the cause of it. Madame Waddington told him, and there and then Carlos Waddington demanded of Ernesto, "Do you refuse to marry my sister, you miserable black—" "Yes," replied Ernesto, "I do refuse!" "Then you die," shouted Carlos Waddington, and, drawing a revolvers, he emptied them into Ernesto Balmaceda's breast at a yard's distance, and Balmaceda fell to the with no less than ten bullets in his body. At his murder Carlos Waddington pleaded the unwritten got clean off! Old Madame Waddington's version story must have proved an exciting hour for our Mother!

* * *

Four German Princes at the Palace.

A host of other Royal and un-Royal visitors lunched and dined at Buckingham Palace during the and few people realise what an arduous time Their ties have in "doing the civil" to these foreign per The list began with the blind Landgrave of Hesse, such a favourite with Queen Alexandra, and whose upon the organ is always such a delight to Her Then there was Prince Henry of Prussia, who came to arrange the details of King George's trip to Ber stayed a few days with Their Majesties. Prince mannsdorf, who used to give King Edward such shooting upon his Hungarian estates when the la stayed at Marienbad in August, followed. None distinguished visitors have been regarded as "mem the family," as the young Hereditary Grand Duke lenburg-Strelitz has, but the King's future son-in course, has claims to being made a fuss of which visitor could possibly possess.

* * *

"If Everybody Had Their Rights."

The latest foreign royalties to find themselves in B ham Palace are Princess Arnulf and Prince Bavaria. These are their first visits to England, King and Queen had romantic reasons for giving a cordial welcome, for if everybody "had their right Bavarians would to-day be lording it in London no scure visitors but as members of England's First Princess Arnulf is the wife of one of the brothers new Regent of Bavaria. She was a Princess of stein, and Prince Henry of Bavaria is her son. upon thirty, and would be a good match for Prin if his religion were not something of a barrier. religion doesn't seem to count for much in these Princess Pat would probably have no greater turning Catholic than did the Queen of Spain.

* * *

The Legitimist King and Queen of England.

The new Regent of Bavaria is the Legitimist "England"—through his wife, that is. Anyway the Prince Rupert, who in the fulness of time will becom Rupert of Bavaria, is really now the Prince of W *partibus*; while his little son, Prince Luitpold, is in Jacobite calendars as "Prince Luitpold of Princess Ludwig is the direct descendant of Prince rietta of Great Britain and Ireland, who was the of our King Charles I. And were it not for the Settlement, which placed a Protestant descendant Charles's sister Elizabeth on the throne in this co the person of an Elector of Hanover, the new Reg would undoubtedly be Queen of England to-day. pleasing to note that Princess Ludwig bears us no for not being recognised here as "Queen Mary III. Legitimists call her. She is sixty-three, and she sented her husband with a large family. Should King of Bavaria die, she would become Consort Q Bavaria, but as King Otto has been a lunatic for fo and always seems to enjoy the best of health, she disappointed in that ambition. But it is good to relations nicely received in Buckingham Palace, litt have in common with our own royalties in other wa

* * *

All Sorts and Conditions of Royalty.

Amongst the other foreign Royalties seen at Buck Palace lately have been the Duke of Oporto, the only left of all the Portuguese royalties who once reigned bon. The Duke is the brother of King Manoel's late King Carlos. Then there are the Crown Prince and Princess of Sweden, with their children, and the K received in audience the black King of Uganda. The rajah of Mysore, the Rajah of Narsingarh, and the rajah Holkar of Indore, are three Indian potentates been seen in the vicinity of the Throne of late. Duke and Duchess of Saxe-Coburg, with their li have returned to Germany.

The King as a Sub-Editor.

The visit of the French President was remarkable for one circumstance; it occasioned the longest official record of events of the reign. It is not well-known that King George is an editor, and daily does his share of "subbing" upon a very little journal of his own called "The Court Circular." Naturally, the King does not actually write much of it, but he has to keep an eye upon its announcements, for they are read in all the chancelleries of Europe. "The Court Circular" of June 24, which began with the announcement of

"Please don't put me off any longer, Dollie—will you marry me?"
"Alfred, I hardly know whether I love you well enough, or not. Besides —"
(Looking at his watch): "Dollie, my last train goes in three minutes. Yes or —"
"Yes, Alfred."

their Majesties' call upon His Royal Highness of the Kabaka of Uganda, was contained the official record of the visit and reception of President Poincaré by the Prince of Wales at Portsmouth, of a Council which the King held during the morning and of their Majesties' State dinner in the evening. The compilation was remarkably accurate in detail, and constitutes a record for the official archives of the Court. It ran into several thousand words.

* * *

The Grand Duke "Warned Off."

Over the reception of President Poincaré the King was commanded to throw over his future son-in-law, the hereditary Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, lest the proximity of a German prince in Buckingham Palace should endanger the entente Cordiale. It is a fact that for the same time this season Strelitzer was not invited to the State functions, and so that the Royalties were that he should be a source of danger to the susceptibilities of "Froggieg", that Grand Ducal Highness's visit to Their Majesties was brought to a conclusion while the Court was still at Windsor for Ascot. By the way, Princess Mary is getting quite a Scotch Kitl, with a fresh complexion, and hair of a light auburn tint. By the time she is twenty she promises to be a very charming young lady.

* * *

Foreign Artists are Appreciated at Court.

It appears that there is some talk of restoring the vacant post of Marine Painter to the King. The late Marine Painter was an Italian, a very good sea painter, but otherwise not distinguished as an artist. How he came to be Marine Painter to the King was something of a mystery, but since his death some months ago the office has not been filled. It is believed that the King intends to confer it upon a French painter, Monsieur Gillot, and the compliment will undoubtedly be immensely appreciated by the French nation. Monsieur Gillot has painted a fine picture of the Naval Royal Review, and the other afternoon the King and Queen went round to the McLean Gallery in Haymarket to inspect the canvas. The French Ambassador was there, and "on the spot" presented the picture to the King on behalf of the French Government. So there is every probability of another "furriner" figuring at Court in certain capacities, as had his mother, and one of them, Sir Edgar Boehm, was actually found dead in his studio by one of the Royal Princesses. Sir Edgar Boehm was a Hungarian sculptor, and so pleased was Queen Victoria with the gloriously untruthful statues which he turned out of the Prince Consort and other high personages that the dear old lady made him a baronet.

* * *

Lord St. Oswald and his "Forebears."

Curious results have followed the rush north over the death of the Duke of Sutherland. The Duchess has had to abandon her Scottish Home Industries Sale, which is one of the Season's big social events. Large quantities of Harris, Lewis, and Sutherland tweeds are annually sold at it, and considerable sums raised for the poor of the "far north." Lots of other interesting people are not as well as they would like to be just now, and it is certainly very tiresome to be laid up when all the world is determined upon "going it" until the rest that comes with Cowes. Lord St. Oswald is very ill, and his lady was so unwell with phlebitis that she was unable to go to the Court the other night, although she had a daughter to present. The young lady was not disappointed, however, as Mrs Laurence Drummond presented her. Lady St. Oswald is a very pretty woman, with red-gold hair, and delicately-tinted complexion. She was one of the daughters of Sir Charles Forbes, of Newe, a Border baronet whose connections with the Old Nobility are extensive and peculiar. Lord St. Oswald is the son of that Mr Rowland Winn who was included in the dozen lords created by Mr Gladstone and Lord Salisbury upon a change of administration nearly thirty years ago. The Grand Old Man was responsible for Lords Powerscourt, Northington, Rothschild, Revelstoke, Monkswell, Hobhouse, and Lingen; while Lord Salisbury gave their peerages to the Earl of Halsbury, Lord Ashbourne, the Irish Lord Chancellor who fell dead in Hyde Park the other day; Lord St. Oswald, Lord Wantage, and Lord Esher. Of these new peers only Lords Rothschild and Halsbury survive.

* * *

Lord St. Oswald has a very fine place in Yorkshire called Nostell Priory. Though his peerage is new, his blood is old. King Charles II. conferred a baronetcy upon one of the Winns of Nostell, and another Winn added a coronet to the family escutcheon as Lord Headley, and a queer lot the lords Headley have proved. The late Lord Headley died only last year, and just in time to save himself from being dragged into the most nauseating divorce case which has figured in recent years. He was the famous "Lord H——." When the offended husband married his wife, who had been in Lord Headley's "confidence" for years, he wrote to Lord Headley, and sent him a copy of the daily paper which announced his marriage, and wrote on the margin, "Another damned Irishman defeated!" It was the writer who was defeated, however. His wife's case against him showed him to be a blackguard, while Lord Headley, like Barkiss, "went out with the tide!"

PLAIN SPEAKING.

Our readers will remember that in this journal for June 21st appeared the first intimation of the coming betrothal of the Hereditary Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz and the Princess Mary, only daughter of King George. The article was republished in a certain Society paper of small circulation without acknowledgment, and we were therefore compelled to administer a gentle rebuke to the Editor of our contemporary upon his breach of journalistic etiquette. The rebuke was meant in the best spirit, and was administered in stately and dignified diction. The Editor in question has, however, taken it very badly. He now devotes the whole of the first column of his paper to a tornado of vulgar abuse of our inoffensive selves, calls us, "journalistic buccaneers," asserts that our statement of simple fact was "an attack characterised by ignorance, fatuous exaggeration of the supposed influence of our obscure journal, and coloured, we suspect with not a little professional venom," and says that "he ought, perhaps, to smile good humouredly at the shrill squeals of a little mushroom rival," etc.

Well, we wonder he doesn't! But out of the plethora of insult we gather that he contends that the article in question was first submitted to him, but that as he was too slow to realise its importance, it eventually came to this office, and was published at once. This gentleman accounts for his lack of enterprise by asserting that "owing to the character of the article special verification of the statements it contained was necessary, and for this reason it was held over for some days." This may be true enough, but in any case the Editor of our contemporary has paid us the greatest compliment one Editor can pay another, for in so far as he quoted our article he did so word for word, and without the alteration of a single line. It is extremely gratifying to know that every fact in our article was found to be absolutely accurate, and we are satisfied. We can only add that so long as he does us the courtesy to acknowledge his obligations, he is at liberty to "lift" as much of this journal as he chooses.

* * *

Food Cranks on the Warpath.

Most people, we imagine, look upon food "reformers" and their kind as cranks who do no harm even if they do not achieve much good. Probably the mania for the reform of other people's habits and peculiarities will never die out—not, at any rate, while so much cheap notoriety can be attained by people who would otherwise have little chance of emerging into the limelight. We do not know the exact objects of the National Food Reform Association, which has just been holding a conference at the Guildhall, but judging from the wild and woolly talk which was emitted by sundry of the speakers, it is still another of those societies which persist in remaining in the clouds and prefer a few tons of theory to an ounce of cold, hard facts. If we were to follow the advice of all the food cranks we should all walk around with empty stomachs rather than run the terrible risks of absorbing the fearful and wonderful microbes which infest every known kind of food. If these good people would direct their energies to seeing that food products sold in this country were what they purport to be, and not adulterated with all manner of extraneous matter, they might do some practical good in the world. Yards of talk will not stop a man from eating what he likes—if he can afford it—even if he be told that his favourite food contains millions of microbes per square inch.

* * *

"Porridge Must Go."

It will not be grateful and comforting to the scores of thriving firms who coin money by serving up as human food grains and cereals of various kinds such as Nature originally intended for horses and cattle. But the fiat has gone forth—not for the first time—that porridge and its relatives must be banned because the teeth are impaired by the use of soft, pulpy foods which need no mastication. It was a member of the Dental Association who uttered this dictum to the assembled Food Reformers, and—not to put too fine a point on it—he was talking through his hat. Nobody who has lived among the Zulus or other native races of South and Central Africa will credit such a statement for a single moment. It is the exception to find a "Kafir" (the generic term applied by white South Africans to practically all the coloured indigenous population) who has not magnificent teeth, as white and regular as the finest productions of a dentist's work-room, yet for generations these natives have lived almost entirely upon mealie pap, or porridge made from ground maize, with rare indulgence in meat, or even in the "hard fibrous vegetable food" advocated by Dr. Wallace. Thus the soft food theory is proved to be quite absurd and lacking in foundation. Probably the main reason why the South African native (and the same thing applies to many of the Indian races—those who do not chew betel) preserve their splendid regular white teeth, is that they make a practice of cleaning them after every meal, not with a hard bristly brush but with some soft wood or fibre which polishes them without up into the roots. This, by the bye, is by no means the first time that the supposed injurious effect of soft foods has been derided, but stay-at-home scientists are not easily weaned from a pet theory.

* * *

The Poverty Line.

Perhaps, however, we are too hard on the Food Reformers, for we notice that glimmerings of the utter futility of years of fine talk and little action seem to have appeared to at least one of the speakers at the conference. Thus, Mr. Spencer Badger, of Wolverhampton, remarked, "The net result of all our philanthropic efforts for many years has been to cultivate the 'rotter.'" But even Dr. Badger quickly relapsed into nonsense, for he declared that malnutrition and poverty were not closely connected, for he had found malnutrition in numbers of cases where poverty had nothing to do with it. In other words, because, say, a moderately opulent mother of the working classes feeds her baby on prawns and cockles, or other delightful but deadly fare, therefore a really poor denizen of the slums who dies from lack of food is not necessarily a victim of malnutrition through starvation. This is surely strange logic, and Dr. Badger and his brother scientists may talk until they are black in the face without shaking our belief that all their fancy remedies and food reforms are utterly useless in a vast number of cases simply because they ignore the fundamental fact that food cannot be bought without money. The shocking poverty which daily thrusts itself before the notice in the streets of London and other big towns is the great evil which has first to be cured. Its causes are fundamental, and its cures are problematical, but until some means are devised to secure a living wage for everybody, all the talk of well-meaning societies with their eyes upon the future of the race is mere trifling with a huge problem, and can have no result that is worth bothering about.

* * *

Thrown to the Rock Scorpions.

General Sir Archibald Hunter, K.C.B., has been thrown to the Rock Scorpions. In other words, because General Hunter severely criticised the administration of justice in Gibraltar, and the natives of the Rock, he has practically had to resign his appointment as Governor. Even had General Hunter's remarks been unjustified—which they were not—we should still consider it preposterous in any way to punish this brilliant soldier in order to soothe the feelings of the natives of Gibraltar. The nick-name of Rock Scorpions has not been bestowed on them for nothing. They are treacherous, venomous, born thieves, gossips, and liars. The nation owes much to Sir "Archie" Hunter. He had a big share in the conquest of the Sudan. If Kitchener organised, it was Hunter who did the bayonet work with the Frontier Force, keeping the foe at bay while, behind, the "brass" working in a box of ice" completed its plans. It was Hunter who more than anyone else helped to keep the flag flying in Ladysmith, by his dash, resource, and indomitable cheer-

PEOPLE WHO BORE US : 4.—The nervous cricketer who is always getting a blade of grass in his line of sight.

HER FIRST DIP.

ness. Thus, it seems intolerable that any slur should be cast upon his career and reputation because he spoke the plain truth about the rascally Rock Scorpions.

* * *

Painted Legs.

Quite a furore has been caused in the goody-goody Press because Madame Karsavina, in the Salome ballet at the Drury Lane, thought fit to have her legs decorated with fantastic designs painted upon the bare flesh, but frankly we cannot see in this practice anything more shocking than the almost universal feminine fashion of wearing openwork stockings which have very much the same effect. Moreover, the idea is far from new, having already been thoroughly exploited in Paris and elsewhere on the Continent, and also in the United States. A London which can stand the lavish display of unclad feminine understandings which for weeks has been drawing large crowds to the French revue at the New Middlesex—a display which has no excuse from the artistic point of view—can surely accept without shuddering the spectacle of an exceedingly clever dancer in a weird bizarre Oriental ballet making some endeavour to "dress" the part.

The Vulgarity of Wealth.

Life would be very much duller if the American cable did not provide us every day or two with an example of delightful news fiction from across the herring pond, which is served up solemnly by the daily Press to the exclusion of more important, but less highly flavoured, items from other less progressive parts of the world. There are some enterprising "free lance" journalists in Fleet St., but their Transatlantic penny-a-liner confreres have them "beat to a frazzle." The gem in the past week was the account of a wedding between a rich New York broker and a St. Louis leader of Society. The sentimental touch—without which no American yarn is genuine—was provided by a description of the wooing process, the New Yorker having fallen in love because he heard the lady express a dislike to cigarette smoking by women. The lady's simple old-fashioned tastes, however, were not proof against the temptation to indulge in a display of the senseless extravagance which is apparently considered a prime necessity of fashionable weddings in the States. During the ceremony, we read, "one hundred and fifty canary birds joined the orchestra in providing music, and hundreds of butterflies were released and flew over the heads of the

guests." After this it comes quite as an anti-climax to learn that the bridegroom gave his bride a £5,000 diamond necklace, several other jewels of great value and a motor-car—presumably to carry them in. And yet there are people who believe that the simple life movement is making headway.

* * *

Women as Police.

Mr Justice Phillimore's suggestion that a woman police constable should be appointed in each petty sessional division has more than a substratum of sound common-sense, even though it does lend itself to treatment by the facile humorist. We already have woman warders in the gaols, and women searchers and attendants at the police stations and elsewhere, and there is no sound reason why the principle should not be applied more publicly, in such places as the great railway termini and in certain much-frequented West End thoroughfares. At any rate, we do not see anything "revolutionary" in the proposal, for, of course, women police would be detailed only for special duties and could never be expected to undertake the general work of the force, where steady nerves and brute strength are required. Thus, we could not anticipate any such comedy as would be provided by sending a posse of policewomen to cope with a gang of militant suffragettes on the rampage. Perhaps this is just as well for the suffragettes, as they could not expect from their own sex one tithe of the good humour and kindly forbearance under great provocation which has marked the police rencontres with the hysterical rioters. Rather would there be tearing of hair and scratching of faces, from which the militants would emerge second-best. It is a great temptation for Mr McKenna.

* * *

Bleeding the Bluejacket.

Some months ago the Admiralty, with a great flourish of trumpets, announced a small increase in the bluejacket's pay. To-day, with the other hand, they take away the little that they gave. For reasons that are not apparent, the handyman's clothing is to cost him more. Without detailing all the increases, such as 2d. a yard on serge, and 1s. 2d. on a pair of boots or shoes, it is estimated that Jack will have to pay £4 to £5 a year more for his clothing. This practically wipes out the increase in the pay granted him. Apart from the injustice to the men this is a serious matter for the country. We need men for the Navy and we shall need more in the future, but are we likely to get them when we treat them in this way? Bleeding the bluejacket is the falsest of false economies, for a legitimately discontented sailor is not exactly a first-rate recruiter.

* * *

Ministerial Hair-Cuts.

An epidemic of hair-cutting seems to have infected the Ministerial ranks. Scarcely have the caricaturists recovered from the shock of seeing Mr. Asquith and Mr. Lloyd George with their hair shorn like ordinary mortals, than Mr. Masterman has administered another blow by appearing in the House minus his flowing mane and characteristic love-lock. If this process of hair-cutting continues the caricaturists will have nothing to catch hold of when depicting our prominent politicians, and these gentlemen will lose the excellent advertisement which accrues from the attempts to make fun of their little personal peculiarities.

* * *

The Right Age to Marry.

French journals display a great amount of ingenuity in devising interesting questions for their readers to answer. Presumably they find it more entertaining than is the English practice of stimulating interminable correspondence on all kinds of deadly dull subjects, and thus fostering the idea (which everybody holds to a greater or less extent) that it is the easiest thing in the world to write stuff good enough for publication—whereby the swarms of amateur journalists wax steadily with corresponding detriment to the professional ones. The French newspaper, at any rate, does not believe in riding a subject to death. Its favourite method is the referendum, and the latest problem a prominent paper has desired its readers to solve by vote is the most suitable marrying age for men. Eleven thousand women gave thirty-two as the best age, and we are open to bet that this is at least seven years older than would have been decided upon by a similar number of Englishwomen. The reason, of course, is that in France it is recognised that youth will have its fling, and that it is better the fling should take place before marriage rather than after. At thirty-two, presumably, the Frenchman has sown his wild oats, and the women expect that he should range himself. The trouble is that he doesn't, not at any rate as readily as he might. Hence the declining birth-rate.

Motor Murders.

It seems to be quite time for our periodical growl about deadly taxicabs and motor 'buses and the repeated failure of coroners' juries to teach the drivers a sharp lesson. Each week produces a plentiful crop of accidents, but rarely indeed is the driver of the slaughtering vehicle sent to stand his trial for manslaughter, for the simple reason that the police authorities know this would be waste of time and money until the hearts of jurymen have been hardened. When is the Traffic Commission going to complete its labours and issue its report? And will that report lead to legislation calculated to make the use of the streets less dangerous than at present? We doubt it.

* * *

Modern Life at the Seaside.

Our series of seaside sketches, of which the views of Hastings on another page is the third, will be continued during the summer months. Each week our artist will make a special journey to a favourite resort—those at present contemplated being Clacton, Margate, Ramsgate, Scarborough, Blackpool, Great Yarmouth, and Weston-super-Mare. Next week we shall present to our readers some views of "Modern Life at Clacton."

Any tale thought worthy of repetition grows fat with travel.

* * *

Some men are great successes in making money, but terrible failures in selecting ways to spend it.

* * *

Asking permission of a girl before you kiss her is cowardly. It is putting the responsibility up to her.

* * *

If you treat a woman well, she will immediately suspect you of treating some other woman better.

* * *

The ignorance which is bliss is only too apt to be succeeded by the knowledge that isn't.

* * *

A rut is a very good thing for those people who could not otherwise keep out of the ditch.

* * *

The innocent bystander soon loses his innocence or ceases to bystand.

* * *

Those who run into debt can't make much speed getting out.

AN ECHO FROM THE EAST.

"Vell, Vell, it von't cost him nothin' to bury hisself."

OTHER PEOPLE'S INDISCRETIONS

AND THINGS WE HAVE HEARD.

That it is far from discreet for a solicitor to leave his private room even for a few minutes, especially when a very curious woman happens to be the only other occupier. That the lady must have very quick eyes to have read as much as she did in so short a time. That she spread the news like wildfire at tea that day, adding that she was "absolutely *positive* the divorce was being prepared, but was not in a position to say *how* she knew." Can a woman keep secrets? Yes, her own. Whatever will the poor solicitor say when he knows that all the most intimate and private information connected with the case is now public property. No doubt some poor clerk will be brought to task.

* * *

That the tall officer with the very dark hair and a scar on his forehead was deeply glad when the regiment was placed under orders for India. Having so many irons in the fire, and very little of the necessary with which to cool some of them, departure was the last resource. What he would say if he knew that all the beautiful pictures ordered to be burnt now adorn the cottage of his servant's sister; and that in future they might prove more than comfortably useful. Where was the ordinary discretion usually looked for in such a case? Was the major quite capable when he threw the photos on the floor and commanded: "Nixon, make a damn bonfire of all these beauties!"

* *

Lord Newton certainly knows how to arouse anxiety. Personally we shan't sleep until we know the name of the peer who, according to Lord Newton, is the principal (and interest) in a money-lending business.

* *

Why should such a creature be shielded?

* *

Another point on which our curiosity is insatiable is what the servant said when Maj. Arbuthnot, of Scott will fame, stepped back and trod on his toe?

* *

We hear that ultra-smart society ladies are copying Madame Karsavina's ideas of having roses and other flowers painted on to her legs.

* * *

It is further whispered that these charming bouquets will not be allowed to blush unseen.

* * *

A certain well-known man about town has hit upon a new way of satisfying his creditors. He has announced his intention of paying them off in alphabetical order.

* * *

Those whose names begin with W. and Y. are reported to be cursing their luck.

* * *

It is hinted that some recent aviation fatalities have been due to the pilots being better "oiled" than the engines.

Can it be true that the saintly editor of a well-known religious paper is to be sued for breach of promise—and worse—by a Lyons' tea shop girl?

* * *

We wonder what Admiral Dewey thinks of his whistling cousin and the use that is being made of his name to advertise her as a "turn" at the Coliseum?

* * *

Why did the major-general stop the cheque on Cox's Bank? And is the fair and desirable alien going to law about it?

* * *

Clubland is laughing over the infatuation of a very young viscount for a singer who is old enough to be his grandmother.

* *

Wasn't it very profane of the unregenerate youth, found curled up on the doormat by his irate parent, to murmur, "Father, forgive me, for I have ginned"?

* *

Is the matron of a very large hospital aware of the relations between the house-surgeon and Sister J.; and if so, why doesn't she report the matter?

* *

There are all sorts of ways of earning a living, but we think that the Portuguese nobleman, who subsists by pinching fur coats from fashionable restaurants deserves a little niche to himself?

* *

Also we wonder what he does in summer?

* *

The Royal Horse Artillery major is now very sorry that he introduced his chance acquaintance to his Pall Mall club.

* *

Why? Because the **said** acquaintance turns out to have been an expert sharper, who made hay while the electric lights shone in the card-room.

* *

Is there any truth in the rumour that a very well-known dancer is to be prosecuted in connection with the White Slave Traffic—that is if, being now in Paris, she ever dares to return to this country.

* * *

Recently a practical joker started a false alarm of fire at a country house in the small hours of the morning. A certain M.P., it is said, was found emerging from the bedroom of a lady who was not his lawful wife. But, of course, everyone believes his explanation that he was walking in his sleep.

* * *

Is it a fact that a certain lady of Upper Seymour Street has joined a cinema company—mainly on account of her physical attractions—and that her husband has threatened to sue for a separation in consequence?

He (trying to strike an acquaintance): "Did you whistle to me, Miss?"
She: "No, the other pup."

PIPETTE.

Marcel Duprez, the artist, was in search of inspiration when chance led him to the Moulin de la Galette.

He was sitting over a glass of bock and watching the dancers through a trellis of painted green woodwork entwined with faded, artificial wisteria, when the face of Pipette smiled out at him from the whirling crowd. It was a vivid, haunting smile, one which could not easily be forgotten, and before the night was old it flashed at him over the rim of a wine glass which she held gaily to her scarlet, curving lips.

Three days later she came to his studio as the model for his new picture "La Vierge Folle."

Hour after hour, while the sunbeams danced and flickered upon the wall opposite and Marcel worked in all the zeal of a new and fascinating theme, she would sit as still as a woodland mouse, a wistful expression in the depths of her almond-shaped eyes, her dark hair tousled bewitchingly about her small, pert head.

The picture took three months to complete—three months of hot, golden afternoons under the sloping roof of a little Montmartroise *atelier*.

It was inevitable that they should fall in love.

"When my picture has brought me success, and I have become a great artist—a famous artist!" Marcel would sometimes begin, stepping back from his easel to slip an arm about the girl's supple waist. And the latter would retort:

"*Si, mon ami.* I know all that you are going to say. But (for the present) we are in love, and together. What more can we ask?" And her little warm lips would close passionately over her lover's smiling mouth.

They were as happy as two children in a field of buttercups!

Sometimes they would make an excursion to St. Cloud, and, climbing the hill behind the little river town, look down over Paris as it lay spread out at their feet.

One day, as they wandered with arms entwined, among the long avenues of emerald-tinted trees, Pipette made a confession.

"Of course I don't love him any more. I don't think I ever did love him—really," she faltered in conclusion, a pink blush dyeing the tip of an averted chin. "I thought, when he went away, that he had gone for ever, that he would never come back—and I was glad. I wanted to be free. He was so violent—he frightened me. . . .And now he is in Paris again. I saw him this morning on the Pont Neuf. Oh! I am afraid—afraid that he will somehow take me away from you. And I love you so, I love you so! Don't let him take me—Marcel!"

She clung to him hysterically, her fingers tightening upon his arm, tears frilling her lashes with quivering liquid crystals.

"Hush, hush, *ma petite*!" he whispered back soothingly. "No one shall take you from me—that I swear!" And bending his head he tilted her face to kiss the glistening drops from her troubled eyes.

* * *

"La Vierge Folle" was receiving the final touches of the brush by the fading light of a September afternoon.

Suddenly the sound of a step along the passage outside sent Pipette springing to her feet, the soft sunset dreams of the past half hour dropping about her like the shed folds of a gossamer veil.

"What was that?"

The thumping of a fist upon the wooden panels, accompanied by a demand for entrance in a man's hoarse, drunken voice, broke sharply in upon them.

"Holy Mother of God! It's he—Paul. What shall I do? What can I do," she pleaded wildly, an agony of fear in her voice, her eyes raised beseechingly to those of her lover.

For one long paralyzing moment they stood facing each other in silence. Then, lifting her bodily in his arms, the man carried her across the room to where the now finished canvas stood propped against the easel.

"Hide, quickly—behind the picture!" he commanded, and stepped hurriedly back.

The next instant the frail lock of the door gave way beneath the pressure of a heavy, lurching shoulder, and the tall figure of a man reeled unsteadily into the room.

"I've got you now, my pretty one. You'll not escape me this time—you and your precious lover," he muttered thickly as he stumbled forward over the uneven floor, a sinister gleam flashing from some object which he held clasped in his right hand. Then, catching sight of the painted lifelike portrait of Pipette smiling whimsically across the darkening room, he halted abruptly as though hypnotised.

The next moment he had sprung froward with the snarl of a wild beast and struck savagely at the canvas with the sharp blade of a stiletto.

There was a shrill, terrified shriek as the hidden girl sank wounded to the ground, one little white arm flung out upon the floor beyond the edge of the mutilated picture.

For a while it lay quivering in a pool of pink sunlight, the same little white arm that Marcel had so often kissed. Then the fingers curled up like the petals of a flower, and were still.

GLADYS EVELYN.

QUERIES.

Why Sir Albert Rollit, the widower of the late Duchess of Sutherland, was not invited to be present at the Duke of Sutherland's funeral?

* * *

Why Lady Rosslyn was not asked to go with her husband to Dunrobin for the same sad event?

* * *

Whether the members of the Royal Academy are really pleased at the promotion of Sir Alfred East to his new rank. And whether there is not a very decided opinion that his merits as an artist do not justify the step.

* * *

How many members of the old nobility were invited to the wedding of the Hon. Roland Kitson (son of the late Lord Airedale) and Miss Vandaleur, and how many attended. And whether the children of the late Leeds millionaire who was elevated to this barony seven years ago find their immense wealth has helped them much in their social progress? And where the Kitsons would be, socially, without the Asquithians?

* * *

Whether King George is not missing Sir Charles Cust very much, and whether his frequent enquiries by wire to Aberdeen about the condition of the genial baronet are not probably more sincere than any he has sent during the reign?

* * *

Where is the Marchioness of Headfort, otherwise Rosie Boote, the once-popular music-hall star! And whether the lively Dowager Marchioness ever troubles about her?

* * *

Whether John Burns himself paid the bill for that official dinner that he gave the other night at the House of Commons in honour of the promotion of Mr Lewis, M.P., to be Parliamentary Secretary to the Board of Trade? Or whether Mr Lewis paid for it!

* * *

Whether the Princess Royal is not a trifle too careful of her young daughters, and whether it was not a little hard to have kept Lady Salisbury in suspense about their attendance at her ball until within one day of its occurrence, seeing that the attendance of Royalty means that full decorations must be worn by everyone instead of ordinary evening attire. What Lady Salisbury said when at last H.R.H.'s reply came, although it was in the affirmative. And whether the two princesses were allowed to dance with Prince Paul of Servia?

* * *

Whether the motor-cyclist at Aldershot who said that he was unable to produce his licence because his dog had eaten it imagined that his story would be swallowed?

* * *

Why France still bothers herself about such tiresome things as birth-rates, and why she does not organise some scheme for "kid"-napping the superfluous offspring of other nations?

* * *

Whether President Poincaré is likely to "get waxy" at being placed in Madame Tussaud's Exhibition?

* * *

Whether Mrs Ernestine Doychart, who is suing for a divorce from her husband on the plea that she has discovered herself to be his thirteenth wife, possesses a superstitious nature?

* * *

Whether indigestion is the failure to adjust a square meal to a round stomach?

* * *

Whether, in view of the Marconi affair, it should not be made criminal for Ministers to marry, since marriage is an acknowledged lottery?

OURSELVES AND OTHER PEOPLE.

A Scot employed in a saw-mill in the United States one day unfortunately lost a finger and thumb through a misunderstanding with a circular saw. While his workmates were gathered round the saw-pit looking for the missing members, the manager happened along, and was told of the mishap. He immediately threw a dollar into the sawdust, and up came the finger and thumb to grasp it.

On telling this yarn to another Scot last week he exclaimed, "Eh, mon, but that's nae compensation for a fellow who's lost a finger and thumb. I wouldna hae taen it!"

* * *

"Aren't you going to say your prayers, Willie?"

"No, I'm not. I am tired of praying for this family without getting any results."

* * *

THE BRIGHT SIDE.

"It is said that more than one person has been killed by kissing."

"Yes; but isn't it great stuff if you live through it?"

* * *

IN UTAH.

Client: Judge, what is the penalty for bigamy?

Judge: Plural mothers-in-law.

* * *

HE GOT HIS.

Grouch: There goes a man who robbed me of a large fortune.

Gink: He robbed you of a fortune, and still he is enjoying his liberty!

Grouch: Not by a darned sight! He married the rich widow I was after.

* * *

A HOPELESS CASE.

"Is he completely under his wife's dominion?"

"I guess so. He wears a bathing-suit that she made for him."

* * *

RESIGNATION.

"The Court of Appeal has decided in our favour," announced the younger lawyer.

"Hm!" mused the head of the firm, in a melancholy tone. "Case tried only once. Well,"—and he recovered his equanimity by a great effort—"I suppose we must be satisfied to let it go at that."

* * *

A THEORY.

She.—I can't get the baby to take this medicine at all.

He.—I suppose he's afraid it's something to make him sleep.

* * *

NATURALLY.

"You want to get married on fifteen dollars a week! What are you thinking of?"

"The Girl."—*Life.*

SUPERFLUOUS.

Casey (teaching Hogan to swim): "Now, kape yer mouth shut and breathe through yer nose!"

Hogan: "And phwhat else cud a man breathe through wid his mouth shut, ye fule?"—*Puck.*

AN OLD GRIEVANCE.

The Better Half: "To-morrow is the fourteenth anniversary of our wedding."

The Vulgar Fraction: "Well, you needn't taunt me with it."—*Sydney Bulletin.*

THE LOGIC OF IT.

Kelly.—If yez foorce me to pay that note now, I can't pay it.

O'Brine.—But if I wait till yez pay it, I'll niver git it.—*Puck.*

* * *

THE OTHER WAY ABOUT.

Mrs. Exe.—So you and your husband have separated because of a misunderstanding?

Mrs Wye.—Nothing of the sort! We parted because we understood each other too well.—*Boston Transcript.*

* * *

SUBTLE BLARNEY.

Waitress: That fellow there wants some hot water to weaken his coffee!

Restaurant Proprietor: Flatterer!—*Chicago Inter Ocean.*

* * *

THE HINT.

Aged Uncle: I've insured my life for five thousand dollars in your favour. What else can I do for you?

Nephew: Nothing on earth, uncle.—*Boston Transcript*

* * *

WHY.

"Why do people speak of 'the human race'?"

"Because men and women are always running after each other."—*California Pelican*

* * *

SHE CAUGHT HIM.

The young girl confronted him with flashing eyes.

"What did you mean," she demanded, "by kissing me as I lay asleep in the hammock this morning?"

"But," protested the youth, "I only took one."

"You did not. I counted at least seven before I awoke."—*Ladies' Home Journal.*

* * *

HE LIKED HER COMPANY.

"Dearest, take no stock in these reports you hear. You have a monopoly on my affections."

"John, I will trust you for ever."

"Love, let us combine!"

Whereupon she went into the hands of the receiver and the bonds of matrimony soon followed.—*Stanford Chapparal.*

THINGS THE LADIES WOULD LIKE TO KNOW,

AND WHAT RUMOUR SAYS.

That the young and beautiful Hungarian was "all there" when she advertised for a "partner for life" in several of the Californian papers. That she knew her way about when she directed that all replies should be forwarded to Paris. That she showed her genius when she sent to each one in due course a shy acceptance accompanied by an alluring portrait and a letter requesting a remittance for travelling expenses. That she bagged three hundred pounds over the deal, and several of the men concerned are saying nothing for fear of getting their names up.

* * *

The latest craze amongst Parisian ladies is a devotion to astronomy. They employ themselves and their partners at their evening gatherings in looking at the stars. Well we all know that London has long since robbed Paris of its claim to being called "The Gay Capital," and after all, star gazing is more refined and ladylike than gambling at cards with money one doesn't possess, and then paying one's debts in a way one shouldn't. And in any case the cast of visage known as "The Bridge Face" or the "Chemmy Mug" isn't seen among young women in France to anything like the same extent as it is in England.

* *

According to an old book, the words of the old Russian marriage ceremony are: "Here, wolf, take thy lamb!" Has the Suffrage question yet invaded Russia? Surely not!

* *

Of course Alexandra Day was a huge success. Everybody worked that it should be so. Everybody wanted it to be so. But really, the spectacle of some of the elderly "flappers" doing their best to look alluring was pathetic. One couldn't help but be sorry at their little artifices to seem attractive. Out of sheer pity in several cases a shilling was paid for a rose where a penny would have been ample; and if the action was attributed to the assumption that the seller was irresistible—well, let it go at that!

* * *

Evidently some writer had a most cheerful outlook with regard to the future. Listen to this:—

"They say of the future in Hades,
We will talk of the friends we have known.
Does that mean we shall flirt with the ladies?
Does that mean we shall meet them alone?"

* * *

If the Margate concert party artist is half such a lady-killer as he fancies he is?

* * *

If Captain Nicholls, of the Hertfordshire Yeomanry, who shot the angry boar in the streets of Hertford, is to receive the V.C.?

* * *

If the proof that at least one of our Territorials can hit something has been received with consternation in Germany?

"John, didn't I tell you that if you stayed out late another night I would go home to my mother?"
"Yesh, m'dear."
"Then why did you stay out like this?"
"Didn't you tell me you would go home to your mother?"

How the English polo team liked its "whacking" reception?

* * *

Why the Hampstead parson turned tail and ran away when the parishioner's new parlour-maid opened the front door?

* * *

How much the American girl is paying Lady C—— for chaperoning her in society?

* * *

And if so far the only society she has got into has been decidedly third-rate?

* * *

Why the Leicester banker's son doesn't marry the pretty governess?

* * *

When the impersonation of hospital nurses by domestic servants, and women of doubtful, or no, character, will be made as much an offence as is the unauthorised wearing of the King's uniform?

* * *

The name of the military gentleman who got into conversation with a rose-seller in the Strand on Wednesday last, and afterwards invited her to lunch with him at the Savoy? What the lady thought when she discovered a sumptuous meal awaiting them in a private room, and whether her surprise was increased by her companion's subsequent behaviour? Whether she left almost immediately in a state of great indignation, and whether the gentleman has since thought it advisable to change his hotel?

* * *

Whether the married lady who accepted an invitation to tea from a fair, boyish-looking youth outside the Mansion House is still wondering what became of her collecting box, and whether it was not extremely foolish of her to have boasted so freely about the amount which it contained?

* * *

Whether the gallant member of the Stock Exchange who provided chairs for the charming rose-maidens in Shorter's Court considered himself adequately repaid by the many smiles of gratitude which the fair ones bestowed upon him?

* * *

Whether the French woman, Madame Thibert, who shot her husband when the latter was attempting to scale the garden wall, really believed that she was potting at a burglar, or whether she considered a funeral more satisfactory and less expensive than a divorce?

* * *

Why everyone is making such a fuss about the supposed invalidity of Miss Fanny Ash's wedding, and whether it is not for the lady herself to decide whether or not she has made a "hash" of things?

* * *

Whether opinions on the subject of suitable bathing costumes, as expressed in the daily papers, are not decidedly "mixed"?

* * *

Whether dancing teachers in Chicago hope to "purify the terpsichorean art" by decreeing that "dancers shall remain at least six inches apart," and what corpulent enthusiasts think of the proposition?

She: "Why do those soldiers always carry knapsacks behind them?"
He: "So they'll have something to fall back on."

Whether the Peterborough Educational Authorities, who have refused to allow their art students to receive instruction in drawing from "the human figure unadorned," are disciples of the Public Morality Committee?

* * *

Whether the French President really meant all the nice sugary things he is reported to have said about our "fresh English beauty," or whether he is merely *un bon flatteur*?

* * *

Whether "Oh!" was the sole exclamation made by Sir George Younger, Bart., when, at the close of a speech in the House of Commons, he sat down on his silk hat, causing a loud, cracking report?

* * *

How the ladies who "bagged" chairs at Ascot by placing articles of apparel upon them liked having them, in turn, sat upon by the attendants and carried off to the cloakroom?

* * *

Whether the lady who took a flowered mauve parasol which did not belong to her has discovered the valuable pearl-studded cachou box contained in the hollow knob of the handle, and whether, if she has, the original owner will have to considerably increase the reward if she wishes to get it back again?

* * *

Whether there have not been quite a number of cases of this sort going on at recent race meetings; and whether the culprits are not invariably women of exceedingly respectable appearance, and whether one of them is a lady who figured in an interesting kleptomania case about a year ago?

* * *

Whether King Alfonso insured for a "double event" this time, and whether it will shortly be found necessary to add an additional wing to the Spanish Royal nursery?

* * *

Whether the Eton authorities have had the drains overhauled in anticipation of the arrival of Prince Henry, and whether, by so doing, they consider that they are "clearing the channels to fame"?

* * *

Whether the young man who went to the aid of a fainting lady at Sandown Park is not greatly regretting the sympathy which he expended upon her? When it was that he first discovered the loss of his tie-pin and whether, by that time, the lady was also "missing"?

Whether the "Wives' Trade Union" isn't the latest thing in feminine combinations?

* * *

Whether Madame Pavlova is in any way disturbed by the declaration of a medical witness at the London Sheriff's Court to the effect that "no one has a pair of legs of equal length?"

* * *

Whether the German woman, Madame Kockerity, of Berlin, who has confessed to having murdered her lover and afterwards grilled and eaten his heart, thought that she was "having him on toast?"

* * *

How the girl 'bus conductor of Woking likes being run after by the other sex?

* * *

Whether John Drew in "Much Ado"?

* * *

The name of the musical comedy actress who had a sample of what was described as a "marvellous insomnia cure" in tablet form dropped into her letter-box? What she thought when her valuable pet spaniel licked it and was taken violently ill? Whether she has reason to connect the occurrence with a certain brunette rival now playing at the Empire, and whether jealousy over a particularly gilded sprig of the nobility was the original cause of the unpleasantness between them?

* * *

Whether it is a fact that neckwear displaying the pictures of footlight favourites is now the fashion, and whether there are not a number of men who would be glad to dispose of their actress ties?

* * *

Whether "A March Hare," by Mr Harold Smith, hasn't arrived a bit late?

* * *

Whether the new musical production "Step this Way" will shortly break out into a run?

* * *

Whether the "lady" moneylender who has lately been sending round exceptionally tempting pamphlets to West End houses wears a beard in private life, and speaks with a lisp?

QUITE OBVIOUS.

The Doctor: "Suppose you had a case of hysterics—someone, for instance, who couldn't stop laughing—what would you do?"
The Student: "Amputate his funny bone."

TABLOID TOPICS.

More Commercial candour: "Pheletta, Cliftonville, 1st cl. pens from 2gs. week."—*Daily Telegraph* advt.

* * *

Curious juxtaposition of placards noticed last week:—"£50,000 Breach of Promise"—"The Discreet Lover."

* * *

"No lark for the cat," we read in the paper. Even with nine wives—we mean lives—Tom can't expect to be out on the tiles every night of the week.

* * *

"Female Constables" is the latest suggestion from the Bench. But what susceptible male will then try to avoid falling into the clutches of the Law?

* * *

An elephant was one of the presents at an Eastbourne wedding. The donor had evidently had a glimpse of the size of the bride's going-away trunks.

* * *

Still another effort to brighten cricket:—"Then the peaceful garnishing of runs commenced."—*Daily Chronicle* report of Lancashire v. Surrey match.

* * *

The "fishwalk" is the latest dance rage in America. Carping critics say that it is only another method to cause the men to flounder into the matrimonial net.

* * *

"Tea and sweets are sapping the vitality of the nation," says the Food Reform Association. Once it was "beer and baccy." What *is* a fellow to indulge in now?

* * *

A contemporary offers £25 to the writer of the funniest anecdote, to be told in its summer number. Are there to be no consolation prizes for the poor fellows who have to read it?

* * *

The *Daily Telegraph* "Agony," "Green D don't believe them. I have not and never will say anything," is an evident attempt to give colour to an unutterably impossible statement.

* * *

A Bristol woman, fined for wasting water, pleaded that she allowed it to run to drown the noise of the piano next door. She will probably find it cheaper to drown the pianist next time she is annoyed.

* * *

It's a mad world, my masters. Here is a tramp in Norfolk smashing windows because he cannot get a bath! We wonder whether, if you were to wash a Suffragette, she would in future leave the glass alone. It's worth trying.

* * *

An old man named William Rockey, charged at Kingston with disorderly conduct, was found throwing kisses at pictures of women on the hoardings. He *must* have been Rockey—with so many unattached women knocking about loose.

* * *

Three hundred engagements were announced in Italy the day following a royal decree permitting telephone girls to marry without forfeiting their situations. Ringing the telephone belles as a preliminary to ringing the wedding bells!

* * *

"I believe some women would marry a kangaroo," said Mr. Hedderwick, the North London magistrate, recently. We have noticed ourselves that "bounders" have no difficulty in getting wed, especially if they have plenty of money in their pouches.

* * *

"Over 24,000 saleswomen, in white dresses and picture hats, *petalled* over 20,000,000 artificial pink flowers."—*Manchester Guardian.* The real key to this well-organised effort, though, was that the millions who were stopped by the swells faced the music without a quaver.

* * *

The champion egg-boiler, according to Professor R. Owen Morris, is an old Welsh woman who started singing "Jerusalem the Golden" when she put the egg in, and by the time she had finished the egg was boiled. She may know a thing or two about boiling eggs, but we fancy the old lady's grandchildren still consider themselves competent to teach her how to suck them.

THE PIER-LESS GIRL.

At the police court at Swankerton-on-Sea, Amarylis Jones, described as of Barkworth's Emporium, London, was charged with wandering abroad with no visible hope of enjoyment.

Mr. Rare Quibbler defended.

P.C. Palka said that on the previous evening he observed the prisoner near the Electric Tram Kiosk on the Palatial Pier. She had already the appearance of a very bad adv[ertise]ment to the town. He was about to caution her this it was against the bye-law for any person or [illegible] miserable while on a visit to Swankerton-on-Sea, [illegible] gentleman gave her the glad eye. Her demeanour became so satisfactory that witness was convinced there were no grounds for his suspicions. She seemed prepared to enjoy herself thoroughly. Before he left, witness overheard the gentleman ask her to marry him. Prisoner replied that she would rather answer the question by moonlight. She arranged to meet him on the fishing platform at 7.30. However, while she was at tea a big [illegible] cut through the pier just below the pavilion, completely severing it from the mainland. Witness was on duty that evening. He saw prisoner pacing up and down by the pier gates. She seemed very agitated. Witness had reason to believe that when she left the gentleman she was partaking of a malted milk on what turned out to be the wrong side of the accident. She burst into tears at the pay-box, and witness immediately arested her.

Cross-examined by Mr. Quibbler: He understood a good deal of untruth was spoken on the fishing platform. He did not consider the mishap to the pier a visitation of Providence. He believed that on the fishing platform matrimonial compliments were fished for. It was none of his business. He swore they were none of his compliments either. He meant no joke by that. He was not the celebrated [illegible] man who sold to a leading actor-manager a play purporting to be by Jerome K. Jerome, for fifteen shillings and five shillings a week royalty.

In a brief outline of the defence, Mr. Quibbler said [illegible] he should show his client had not meant to discount Swankerton-on-Sea, which she considered the jolliest seaside resort she had ever visited. It was a place where a man got engaged to a girl and remembered it all the [illegible] be was there. His own experience was that people had such memories of their proposals and acceptances at Swankerton-on-Sea that they would play Solo nowhere else.

Prisoner, a fashionably dressed young lady, now entered into the box. She said that she had bought her hat to match the kiosks. Her costume toned exactly with the white and gold of the pavilion, while her shoes were selected expressly to go with the charming boards of the beautiful pier, the cutting off of which in the heyday of its youth no one deplored more than herself. She had burst into tears because the whole outfit was rendered useless by the accident to the pier. There were as good compliments in the world as were ever caught on the fishing platform of the Palatial Pier, but she was not attired to succeed on the Parade. The hue of her costume was not in keeping with the tasteful colour-scheme of the Corporation trams, and her hat was altogether out of line with the impressive architecture.

Cross-examined by magistrates' clerk: Although she was particular about her clothes, and did not care what spiteful things jealous dowdy women said about her, she was not an actress.

The Chairman: Then in that case you are really a [illegible] less girl.

(Prolonged laughter, in which the prisoner joined hysterically.)

The Chairman, in dismissing the case, said he was a man who mourned the temporary loss of the pier, and usually smoked a reflective cigarette against the wall of the Arcade every evening at 7.30.

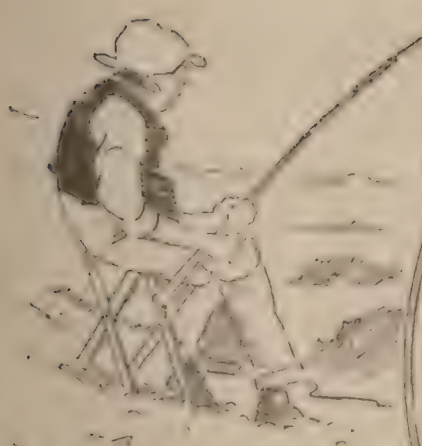
HERBERT MARTIN.

EDITORIAL NOTE.

The Editor will be pleased to consider short stories, 700 to 1,500 words in length; also short pungent topical (non-political) articles not exceeding 1,500 words. Stamps should be sent for return postage if unsuitable.

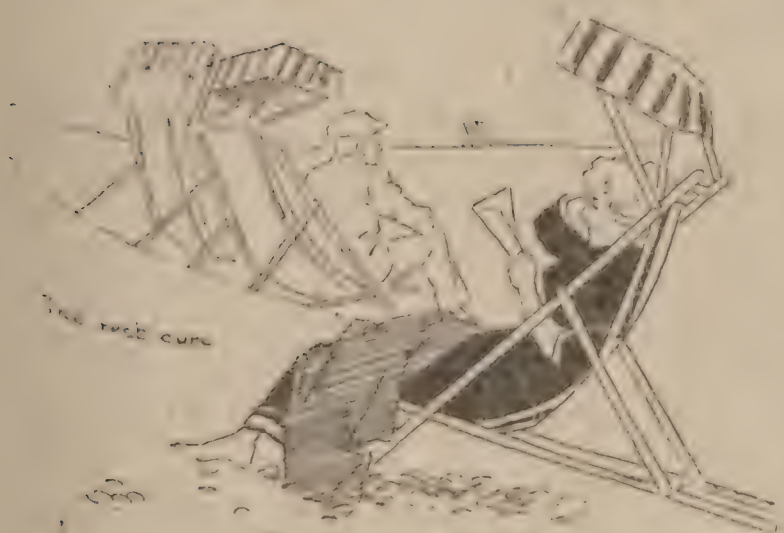
Luvvre-seat

Hastings Castle

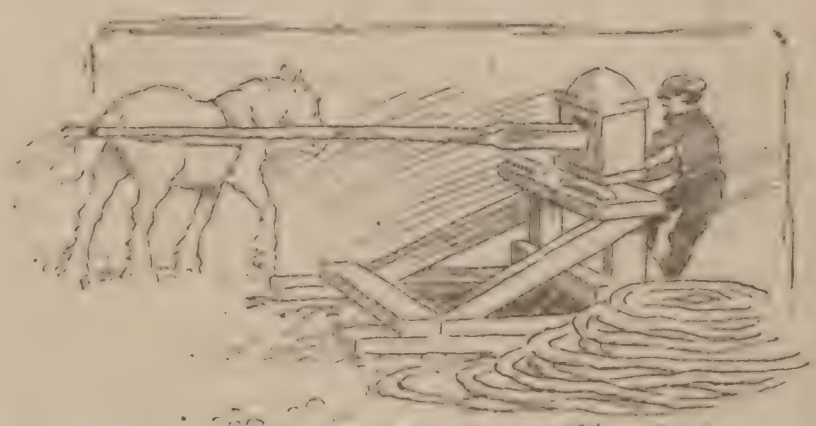


Fishing from the beach

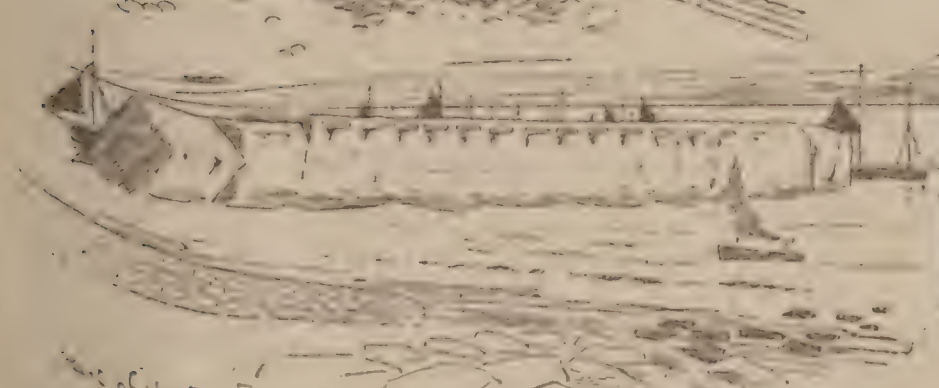
The good ship "Albertine"
showing the Pier and Palace Hotel in the background



The rock cure



Beaching the "Albertine"



Part of the sea-wall for the harbour that was never completed

HASTINGS

Sydney Aldridge

MODERN LIFE AT HASTINGS.

IN STAGELAND.

Having occasion to visit the Arts and Dramatic Club yesterday to witness a rehearsal which I knew would be interesting I found the old premises at Clavier Hall deserted, and the club installed in a marble palace at Langham Place, with a beautiful little theatre and several fine rehearsal halls, four floors and no lift.

* * *

To-morrow is to be given in the theatre above-mentioned a series of three new one-act plays under the auspices of the Actresses' Franchise League. I hope we shall all keep well away from them for what the Riot Act describes as "urgent political reasons" for the discouragement of any wiles exerted to beguile poor weak-minded women into criminal connections.

* * *

Some of Mr. Gulliver's young men have been dropping bricks recently. I am informed that both Willesden and Richmond Hippodromes are now under temporary management to be supervised by Mr Arthur Knight, the successful assistant-manager of the Palladium.

* * *

When one uses the over-worked little word "unique" there is always a liability to lay oneself open to a charge of inaccuracy on account of its frequent misuse. The adjective applies with perfect accuracy to a pair of really wonderful whirlwind dancers described as "The Australian MacLeans" and to M. Gaston Chevalier and Mlle. Emile le Noir's "Mexican Rebel Dance" in their Western Ranche Episode. Both turns are now playing the London Theatre of Varieties circuit.

* * *

Mr Jack Thompson, who with Miss Muriel George (late of "The Follies"), is conducting one of the pleasantest little musical causeries I ever remember on the music hall stage, is the famous composer of "Come Sing to Me," and a dozen other national favourites. I wish this was realised more generally, as, even were it widely known, I fear me that we should not expect a robust light baritone (who looks as if he had just left Sandhurst for a military career) where we had, of course, imagined a long-haired ascetic with a floppy tie and the usual "sidey" musical finesse.

* * *

I have received information that "Milestones" will finish its phenomenal run about the end of August, having by then afforded the Royalty Theatre 600 successful houses. About mid-September there will be produced "Interlopers" a four-act comedy by H. M. Harwood. Mr Kipling's "The Harbour Watch," with Messrs. Norman Trevor and Dennis Eadie, will be on the same programme; so, granting that anything approaching the usual excellence of judgment in selection exercised by Messrs Vedrenne and Eadie has been used in the case of "Interlopers," better value will not be obtainable in London.

* * *

By the time this issue is in your hands "Ivanhoe" will have been withdrawn from the Lyceum, and "Oliver Twist" will be presented next Wednesday evening. You may remember how strongly I advised re-production of this strong but eminently sane drama on the occasion of its all too brief existence at the beginning of the present season.

Cleric: "There is one thing about these Exhibitions. They bring people together who might not otherwise have met.

The New Theatre is to have a musical comedy. Michael Faraday will not disturb "The Girl in the Taxi" at the Lyric, so is producing his "Laughing Husband," from the German, at the New early in October.

* * *

Mr Louis Meyer was to have kept the Strand Theatre closed until September, but a brilliant new play has been thrust within the orbit of his quick, discerning vision, and he has snapped it up. His company is already in rehearsal and it is now only a matter of days. Mr Matheson Lang will be in the cast.

* * *

Tuesday, September 2, is the date fixed for Sir Herbert Tree's production of the once banned biblical pageant-play "Joseph and His Brethren."

* * *

A Skating Bear is the very latest entrant into the domains of music-hall enterprise and its appearance on the halls is anticipated early. Lolotto is its name and it belongs to the old firm of Bostocks.

* * *

A further example of the rule to which cinematograph actors are subject has been shown during which occurred during a performance at the Chiswick Empire. Miss [illegible] and Mr Robert [illegible] were on a horse named Brian, the horse slipped and fell. Mr Brian's feet were caught in the traces and he sustained injuries of his feet. Fortunately Miss Baird escaped without shock.

* * *

Films were recently played on the screen of a picture palace in the Hay Mon Street, in the City, Paris, showing the count Wolseley's [illegible] the return of the Duke of Connaught, and the race at Carlo waterplane three days before the [illegible] arrived with the Londo papers giving accounts of the events. The cinematograph manufacturers utilised Siberian facilities for despatching the films and thereby beat mail steamers by three days.

* * *

By the way, those *Modern Life* readers who reside in Manchester or Liverpool should not fail to see the wonderfully interesting collection of animals Bostock has at the Exhibitions in the respective towns.

* * *

Zomah, the remarkable Divinator, has returned to Australia and will make an early appearance in London, where her mysterious show will doubtless amaze those who see it during the next few weeks.

* * *

King and Benson, the well-known and much appreciated American vaudeville artists, open at the Tivoli next week. Miss Benson spends quite a small fortune annually on her gowns, which are heavily insured.

* * *

"Come Over Here" has attained its hundredth performance and bids fair to become a serious rival to another well-known revue in the West End.

W.

MRS. BRACEGIRDLE.

Royal and Noble Love Affairs.

No. 10.

THE STRANGE STORY OF ENGLAND'S MOST BEAUTIFUL ACTRESS, THE BLOODY MURDER DONE ON HER ACCOUNT, AND THE DUEL BETWEEN LORD MOHUN AND THE DUKE OF HAMILTON.

No woman who ever performed upon the stage in England enjoyed greater popularity in her day than Mrs. Bracegirdle. And no woman of any period provoked such tragic occurrences as she. For many years she enjoyed the reputation of being the most beautiful woman in Britain. One chronicler has described her: "She was of a lovely height, with dark brown hair and eyebrows, black, sparkling eyes, and a fresh, blushing complexion; and whenever she exerted herself she involuntarily flushing in the throat, neck, and face, never making her exit but that she left her little an imitation of her pleasant countenance." Mrs. appeared upon the stage for the first time as a of six, as the page in "The Orphan," at the Duke's atre in Dorset Gardens. Later in life her triumphs included Isabella" in Shakespeare's "Measure for Measure," "Portia" the "Merchant of Venice," "Desdemona" "Ophelia", "Cor- and "Mrs. Ford," and she triumphed both in tragedy

A Cold, Vain, and Interested Coquette."

In those days of gallantry it need scarcely be said that Mrs. Bracegirdle was the subject of many little romances. But all of them were not little ones. And the one that stands out above the others by virtue of its bloody character was the case of Mrs. Bracegirdle, Captain Hill and Lord Mohun. Three noble fellows had tried in vain to win the actress, the Dukes of Devonshire and Dorset, and the Earl of Scarsdale, but her virtue remained unsullied, and she has gone down to history as the most heartless coquette, but the most admirable woman, who ever won her living by the stage. Colley Cibber thus describes her: "She seems to have been a cold, vain, and interested coquette, who perfectly understood how much the influence of her charms was increased by the flame of a severity which cost her nothing, and who could venture to flirt with a succession of admirers in the just confidence that no flame which she might kindle in them would thaw her own ice!"

Lord Mohun Arranges to Abduct Mrs. Bracegirdle.

"Cold" Mrs. Bracegirdle may have been in love, but she had a warm and tender heart, all the same. Her secret benevolence to the poor of Clare Market was such that she could not pass through that neighbourhood without being surrounded by the poor there, and it was more than his life was worth to offer her insult. The world went well then for the beauteous actress, and until the arrival on the scene of a Captain Hill, her triumphs in her profession in love must have made her the happiest of women. But Captain Hill brought the shadow of sorrow across Mrs. Bracegirdle's path. The Captain belonged to a set of gallants who stuck at nothing to achieve their ends. No sooner did he fall in love with Mrs. Bracegirdle than he swore to have the blood of the most fashionable This lucky individual proved to be a well-known actor named Montford, and there is no doubt that for him Mrs. Bracegirdle had all the affection that she was capable of. Captain Hill, being repeatedly rebuffed by Mrs. Bracegirdle, finally boasted in public of his intention of abducting her and of murdering Jack Montford.

The boast of Captain Hill rushed another swashing officer of the day to Lord Mohun, a man of illustrious descent and Norman lineage, a peer who has gone down to posterity as a blackguard of the worst type. He had already twice stood his trial for murder, and the name of Mohun was already one at which peaceful folk shuddered. When Mrs. Bracegirdle heard of Captain Hill's boasts her life was quickly filled with terror. And not without cause, as the sequel will show.

Lord Mohun and Captain Hill duly arranged everything for the abduction of Mrs. Bracegirdle, and the night came which saw the Captain's coach and four horses hidden in a dark corner of Drury Lane, awaiting the exit of the lovely actress from the Theatre. Half-a-dozen ruffians of Lord Mohun's own kidney were secreted in the shadows of the deep eaves of the houses, all of them "armed to the teeth." For a time, however, the party were disappointed of their prey, for it happened that Mrs. Bracegirdle was absent from the theatre that night, and they had eventually to ascertain her whereabouts. A few shillings in bribes soon procured the information, however, and just as they were setting off to the neighbourhood of the house where Mrs. Bracegirdle was supping, that lady made her appearance in the street with her hostess's husband and brother, and her mother, as escort on her way home to her lodgings in Howard Street, hard by the Strand.

Meeting Between Jack Montford and Lord Mohun.

At sight of the all-but-defenceless actress, two of the hired ruffians rushed upon the party, and nearly killed Mr. Page and Mrs. Bracegirdle's mother; but the hour being early, half-a-dozen people at once came to their rescue, and then Captain Hill and Lord Mohun, who had been watching events from the window of their carriage, changed their tactics. They decided to issue forth as the *defenders* of the inoffensive actress, and this they did successfully, and duly deposited her in her own house. The soldiers were dismissed, and quiet soon reigned in the street, what time Captain Hill and Lord Mohun again secreted themselves, in order to intercept Jack Montford, who had to pass through Howard Street on his way to his lodgings in Norfolk Street. However, the news of the attempt to abduct Mrs. Bracegirdle had already reached Montford's ears, and it was midnight before he returned home. As he passed down Norfolk Street, what was his surprise to find himself suddenly hailed with boisterous cordiality by no less a night-bird than my Lord Mohun!

The Murder of Mrs. Bracegirdle's Lover.

The actor, however, was too well versed in his Lordship's tactics to be duped. Lord Mohun's attempts at friendship were promptly resented, and Jack Montford enquired how his Lordship justified his friend Hill's treatment of Mrs. Bracegirdle. The question was no sooner put than it was answered by Captain Hill himself. He had crept up silently, and replied to the actor's question by delivering Jack Montford a violent blow on the head. "I will justify myself," exclaimed the Captain. "Draw, sir!" The actor was quickly in an attitude of defence, but before he could unsheath his sword he was suddenly run through the body by the Captain, and within a few moments he drew his last breath. By this time people were hurrying to the scene from various directions, and Captain Hill at once took to his heels, and for a time escaped capture.

Lord Mohun is Released from Custody.

Lord Mohun, however, was not so fortunate. Scoundrel though he was, he had some pluck, and at once submitted himself to arrest, and was conveyed to the lock-up. Although he was innocent of the murder, he offered to expiate the crime of his friend, and his first question to the officer who placed him in custody was, "Has Hill escaped?" On being assured

that the Captain was at large, Lord Mohun said, "Thank God! I have no objection to being hanged in his place." The trial of Lord Mohun for the murder of Jack Montford was, it is needless to add, the *cause célèbre* of the time. As a peer of the realm, Lord Mohun was tried by the members of the House of Lords, and though he was not actually the murderer of the actor, it was thought he might be adjudicated guilty and hanged as a willing accomplice. However, the peers, by a large majority, allowed his release on the verdict of "Innocent!"

All this time, of course, Mrs. Bracegirdle was the cynosure of all eyes as the innocent cause of all the trouble. Whether her new fame added to her happiness we know not, but if it was so, she was soon destined to the bitterest woe. For another famous beauty was then making her mark upon the stage, and ere long comparisons between Nance Oldfield and Mrs. Bracegirdle were made in the Press so pointedly that it was decided to submit the question of which lady was the finer actress to the judgment of the public. The play selected was Betterton's "Amorous Widow!" and on the first performance Mrs. Bracegirdle played the part of "Mrs. Brittle." The following night Mrs. Oldfield played "Mrs. Brittle," and the verdict of the audience was that the palm had gone to Mrs. Oldfield. Mrs. Bracegirdle was so chagrined at this that she retired instantly from the stage, and was never again seen on the boards. She died in 1748, and was interred in the East Cloisters, in Westminster Abbey.

Terrible Duel in Hyde Park.

Lord Mohun, upon his release, went from bad to worse. He had in youth married the Earl of Macclesfield's sister, and another of Lord Macclesfield's sisters was the Duchess of Hamilton. As the Duchess of Hamilton was a great heiress, and her brother was her natural guardian, her husband, the Duke of Hamilton, allowed Lord Macclesfield a pension of a thousand pounds a year out of his wife's income. When the Duchess died, her sister's husband, Lord Mohun, thought the Duke would transfer the pension to him, as he became the Duchess's guardian, but the Duke refused to know the blackguardly Baron. This so angered Lord Mohun that he challenged the Duke to a duel, and eventually the Duke and his brother-in-law faced each other one frosty winter morning in the Ring in Hyde Park, where so much useless blood was then being spilt. The Duke had for his second his relation, Colonel Hamilton, and Lord Mohun was accompanied by a General Macartney. The latter was a rascal little less ill-famed than Lord Mohun himself. All through he had been the willing coadjutor of Lord Mohun in every kind of rascality and crime, and the Duke of Hamilton thus addressed him upon the field:

"I am well aware, sir, that this is all by your contrivance; and therefore you shall have your share in the dance; my friend here, Colonel Hamilton, will entertain you!" "I wish for a better partner," Macartney replied; "the Colonel may command me!"

Deaths of the Duke and Lord Mohun.

Never did four British officers measure swords with more determination than on that chill November morning in 1712. It was "to the death" with both pairs of combatants, and the first to fall was the Duke of Hamilton, with serious sword slashes in both his legs. The Duke fought on, however, until fainting from loss of blood, he fell to the ground. Before [illegible] had inflicted such injuries upon Lord Mohun that [illegible] armed his opponent. As he rushed forward to succour the Duke the latter got in one last desperate thrust at Lord Mohun, and his sword passed through Lord Mohun's body right up to the hilt. As it did so, Lord Mohun recovered sufficient strength to hurl himself upon the Duke, and to plunge his short sword into the Duke's breast. Lord Mohun then fell to the earth a dying man. The Duke fell gently upon his knees, and his relation, Colonel Hamilton, was just in the act of raising him from the earth, when the villain Macartney rushed forward and plunged his sword into the Duke's heart, and then ran as fast as his legs could carry him to the river, where a boat was waiting to take him to a foreign shore. Colonel Hamilton, seeing that the Duke's end was near, laid him gently upon the ground. The Duke heaved a deep sigh, moaned "I am killed; I am a dead man!" and expired instantly.

Lord Mohun was carried to his house and carefully tended, but he only lived two hours. His end was, therefore, in keeping with his foul life.

Next Week:

KING GEORGE I. AND THE DUCHESS OF KENDAL

THE HAPPY MAN.

He: They say Sally Simpson is marrying at last.
She: Who's the happy man?
He: Her father, of course.

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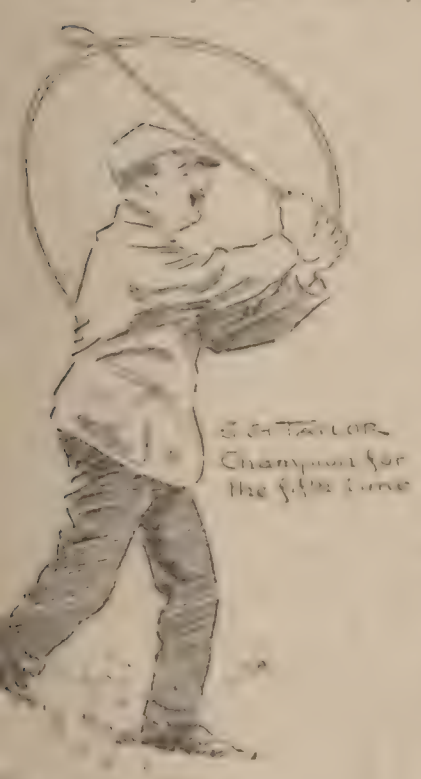
ODERN SPORT

FOR MEN AND WOMEN

ith the resting place of the Lonsdale Belt for one year vered, the boxing season in England has closed. There International interest in the deciding match between ardier Wells and Packy Mahony, but in view of the at the English champion had been defeated as recently Monday by that French youth Georges Carpentier there was a lot of wondering. It was as well, especially for Wells's sake, that he beat the Irishman, for a defeat would have assuredly meant that Bombardier Wells would, if not become one of the out-of-works, have had very little chance of being an attraction in big events. The British Isles cannot boast of a great selection, when it comes to the heavyweights, but we like to feel sure about our best being something of a champion, and his form at the National Sporting Club had the tendency of undoing much that was thought about Bombardier Wells regarding his prowess as a boxer.



spectacular point of view, Wells is usually a success can really box—the word "box" being used as word "fight." There are hundreds and thouple who enjoy "boxing," but when it comes to of their enthusiasm evaporates.

fascination about boxing which has always atnglishmen with especial power. We taught the se its fists, and almost in ancient days we were ed to meet all-comers in the prize ring. It cannot be that those days were on the enjoyable side, for there very gory methods of deciding a championship, and do not want to see a match won by a man simply because can best stand being hammered. Nowadays, personal figurement is almost unknown, and to look at Bombar- Wells or at Georges Carpentier one would never for a think that they were professional boxers. Skill, of hand, body, foot, and mind are enby the present-day methods. Endurance, strength, , can, at the present day, score as many points as shioned flesh flying days. Let us hope that the rom the highly trained fist will ever be with the f. There is boxing and boxing. There is football football.

The match between Wells and Mahony the best qualities in mankind, and although we Wells for winning we all admired Mahony for and plucky stand he made against a man , and superior in reach.

HENLEY WEEK.

each from the boxing ring to Henley, but there owers of Henley than there are of the Boxing We have just had the seventy-fourth Henley Regatta, amateur element in sport is of the most untainted. "Royal Regatta" to-day, but the Henley meeting always been known as such. In 1851, Prince Albert, erwards called Prince Consort, was patron of the Regatta, and ever since then the function has been he Henley Royal Regatta. In those "old times," s held during the term time of the Universi- The University Dons had no time for boatthe Varsity men who wanted to take part in meeting had to sneak away from lectures. Colarsmen adopted assumed names, and Christchurch n as the Westminster and Eton Club, while Brasessumed the name of Childe of Hale, a name introduced r back as 1840. Of course, Henley visitors travel to the by train, but there was not always a branch line, 857 one could go as far as Twyford in the train. The road to Henley used to be as busy as the road to the Derby. The trip up the river was busier then than to-day, but it was a sight this year, with brilliant weather favouring the preparations, to see the barges, as the house-boats are called, some going up the river, and some coming down from Oxford. During the last quarter of a century, matters connected with Henley have undergone changes, and one anticipates more as time progresses. This year has been a record so far as entries have been concerned, and the International flavour of the Regatta has been most pronounced. Visitors to England never miss the "Royal Regatta," any more than they do the Derby and Ascot. Of course, the best things of the boat-racing are left for the end, and therefore one cannot refer to this year's winners. Interest has not flagged at all. It is on the increase, and as long as the Regatta does not clash with the Oxford and Cambridge cricket match as it used do, the 'Varsity contingent with friends and relations will be able to see both summer functions.

CRICKET EVENTS.

Next week two very great cricket events will possibly be decided. If the weather is too good, there may be a draw in the Inter-'Varsity match and the Oval Gentlemen and Players match. And, also, if the weather is too bad, draws may be the nearest decisions. But weather is very often the deciding factor of a match, and when conditions are as nearly as possible the same for one side as the other, the side getting the first knock has the pull. The 'Varsity teams have shown themselves to be better bats on the whole than bowlers, but Oxford appears to be the better balanced combination. Cambridge are particularly strong in batting. The social side of the 'Varsity match, when scores of marquees are pitched on the Nursery ground, representing private parties and the various London clubs, while fleets of big motor cars and four-in-hands are allowed certain positions around Lord's, will invest the classic ground with brightness and life which are not always to be had at St. John's Wood.

The Gentlemen and Players match at the Oval used to be considered a milk-and-water affair, and representative sides were rather the exception than the rule. Some few years ago, however, the Oval fixture was brought into line with the match at Lord's, and both matches are now recognised as representative contests. A century at the Oval in the annual match did not carry nearly the power a three-figure innings did at Lord's.

How pleased cricketers must be that Tom Hayward at last scored his hundredth hundred. "Old" W. G. Grace has made 126 centuries during his career and his hundredth was made just after Tom Hayward started on his journey. Grace made his hundredth hundred in 1895, and Tom made his first hundred in 1893. Grace was 48 when he made his hundredth, and Tom is 42. One cannot compare the two feats. There are some who would have preferred that the G.O.M. went to his grave with some of his records, but one by one they are being equalled. There was a time when nobody thought of making a thousand runs in a season but "W. G." The doctor for a long time was the only batsman to have scored two hundreds in a match, and now there are somewhere about between two and three hundred. Certainly cricket was more difficult in the old days than now. The wickets were not such billiard tables, and there was not as much cricket, either. Bowlers used to bowl the ball that as soon as it pitched shot right into the wicket. That kind of thing is seen now on some of the bad pitches on commons. Still, it is a great feat of Tom's. C. B. Fry has made 92, and but for the period of resting that has come over the old Oxonian, he would have preceded Tom Hayward. Little Johnny Tyldesley comes third with 77. He goes on like the brook. At least it appears so. Only two

years ago or so, he said to the writer, when speaking to him about his international cricket: "Ah, they have forgotten my address now." By the way, in speaking of Grace and Hayward, it occurs to one that Grace has a four hundred to his credit, and Hayward has not. It was at Grimsby in 1876 where Grace is "supposed" to have made exactly 400 not out, when playing for the United South of England. Curiously enough the Grimsby score sheet gives the Old Man only 399 not out. History says he made 400 not out, and we must let it rest at that. But scorers do make some "howlers," even nowadays.

LAWN TENNIS AT WIMBLEDON.

At the time of writing—and the tournament at Wimbledon is not yet completed—there has not been an occasion when the players have had to wear their steel-pointed tennis boots. Grand weather, the elevation of the championships to the world's title, and the presence of so many of the Davis Cup players from America, South Africa, Australia, and the Continent, have all conduced to making this year's meeting a phenomenal success. Wimbledon to the lawn tennis world is the same as Covent Garden is to the World of Opera. All great singers yearn for Covent Garden, and all lawn tennis players yearn for the time when they can be put on the great centre court at Wimbledon during a championship meeting. The centre court is a miniature football ground. Great big stands tower above the players, and a seething mass of spectators will mark favour and disfavour, just as at a football match. During the biggest matches on the centre court several hundreds hardly ever saw a stroke made. They had to be content to hear the referee call out the scores. Before the semi-finals in the Men's Singles started, it is worthy of remark that the holder, Wilding, is a New Zealander; J. C. Parke is an Irishman; McLoughlin is an American; Doust is an Australian; and Kreuzer is a German. There was cosmopolitanism if you like.

The announcement of the British team for the challenge round of the Davis Cup, to be played at Wimbledon on July 25, 26, and 28, is a further tribute to the efficacy of the good old players. When are some young 'uns coming along to displace the veterans who figured prominently in tennis when some of the champions of other countries were in their nurse's arms? Parke was always a certainty, and criticism of the selection of Messrs. Roper Barrett, A. W. Gore, and C. P. Dixon will doubtless be met by the remark that their younger rivals have not the consistency nor the temperament to justify their selection before these tried and trusted men.

MISTAKES COMPETITION.

We rather pride ourselves upon the carefulness of our proof-reading and on the immunity of our columns from typographical blemishes. Nobody, however, is infallible, and accidents will happen even in the best regulated of journals. As a punishment for our sins we shall give 5s. each week to the reader who first points out a "literal" typographical error in our literary columns, i.e., barring advertisements and competitions. All you have to do is to write down the number of the page, column and line in which the "literal" occurs (e.g., p. 31, col. 2, line 63), and sign your name and address and mark your postcard "Literal." To give distant readers a fair chance all postcards will be put aside until Wednesday noon, and the first one handled by the Editor will receive the 5s. Commas, full stops, etc., are debarred, as punctuation is largely a matter of individual taste. Current issue only, of course. If the paper contains no "literals" 10s. will be sent to the first reader (as above) acquainting us with that fact.

Last week's prize goes to

MR. ROBERT STIRLING,
20, High Street, Ballymoney,
CO. ANTRIM

CORRESPONDENTS' BUREAU.

The Editor will be pleased to answer readers' queries through this column.

Y. N. R. (Eynsham).—A hard felt hat is quite impossible with a frock-coat in London. Better leave your frock-coat at home, alone will class you as provincial.

Beta (Wakefield).—Your sketch is so dramatic that it borders on the ridiculous. Drama is evidently not your forte. Try marbles.

W. G. (Dundee).—We are like oysters. But what is the good of information if we cannot use it?

P. W. (Bolton).—Yes, we know the whole story. The trouble was caused by his taking his typist to lunch. Quite harmless, of course. But his mother-in-law is religiously inclined, you know, and is a great believer in the hereafter.

S. H. (Brixton).—The story that was really told about the young girl from Balham was that she was so fearfully bashful that, when asked to get ready for dinner, she used to say to her little Pekingese dog, "Run away, Carlo, I'm going to dress."

Miss C. (Walton).—You have evidently mistaken this paper for "Baby Babblings," but our idea is that it is impossible to tell whether a wedding is a failure until you have seen the wedding presents.

L. A. (Maida Hill).—No; we don't know the names of the crowd who were in the stage box at the Shaftesbury the[atre] the prominent (dentally and otherwise) musical comedy [star]. It was something like the case of the girl who said she had been to the theatre in the company of two pasts, one chequered [with] rise in the Stock Market.

Archie (Torquay).—We have passed your query on to [the] But we can give you a good tip for curing baggy trouse[rs]. alum. It's a fine astringent.

Engaged (Tooting).—Yes, Mizpah is the French for "You are the suckle, I am the bee."

H. R. (Southend).—What induces men to marry? Why, the girl, of course!

S. P. (Bradford).—Yes, you are right. A jockey weighs in a [pound]. The weighing out is done by the bookies—sometimes.

WHAT HAVE YOU TO SELL?

TAKE AN INVENTORY NOW

TRAINING? EXPERIENCE?
AMBITION? INDUSTRY?
PERSEVERANCE? PLUCK?

EVERY wise business man takes an inventory at le[ast] Why? In order to know what stock he has that [is] or how to prevent further losses.

Do you ever take an inventory of what YOU have to se[ll] *employer*? What good stock have you got of, say, Trainin[g] perience, Ambition, Industry, Perseverance, Pluck? The[se] the "goods" which always command a good price in the [em]ment market.

Take an inventory NOW—to-day—of the qualities which [go] your stock-in-trade of value. Put down the items which make [you] efficient, which create a demand for your services and make [you] worth good pay.

You ought to know yourself; you must not deceive you[rself] overlooking your shortcomings, or by overestimating your [own] Correct your shortcomings; increase your worth

It is good if you possess Experience, Ambition, [Pluck], but all these together are worth little in the [long] to-day unless you also have had a sound, up-[to]-[date] your work. The International Correspondence [Schools] such a training.

IT WILL HELP YOU TO TAKE A FAIR INVENTORY SUGGESTED ABOVE, IF YOU WILL WRITE TO THE I.C.S. TO LEARN WHAT TRAINING IS NECESSARY FOR SUCCESS IN YOUR WORK AND HOW THE I.C.S. CAN GIVE IT TO YOU AS THEY HAVE ALREADY DONE TO SO MANY.

This enquiry may turn out to be for you, as it has [for] sands of others, the most PROFITABLE RESOLU[TION] EVER MADE. Write to-day, mentioning the work in [which] are interested, to International Correspondence Schools, [Ltd.] International Buildings, Kingsway, London. Please address to avoid delay.

INCREASE YOUR HEIGHT 3 INCHES.

E. P. W. (Wolverhampton) writes: "Since adopting your course I have added approximately three inches to my height."

"Wanted," says the advertisement in the Situations Vacant column, "men of good appearance." That is simply another way of saying "tall men."

The tall man is always the man who is wanted. To him, and to him only, are the best positions open.

The Army, the Navy, the Police Forces, at home and abroad, all require tall men.

In the office it is just the same. The tall man is preferred because his personal influence is greater than that of a short man. He has a dominant physique, and what he says carries weight.

Behind the counter none but the tall man is wanted. He makes a good impression on customers, his arguments carry conviction, and he builds up and improves the business.

Do you realise that your stature is a thing which rests in your own hands? You can increase your height by means of my special exercises just as easily as you can increase the size of your arm or your chest.

All the time I require you to devote to my exercises is ten minutes each morning and evening. They are very interesting and pleasant to perform, and, as no appliances are used in connection with them, there is no danger of overstrain. Besides increasing your height, my exercises will greatly improve your physique and general fitness, and you will be delighted with them in every way. In three months' time my system will make you taller by from two to three inches, and you will be stronger and healthier than you ever were before.

I do not undertake the treatment of cases where the student is over forty, as after that age the cartilaginous cushions of the spine are in most cases not susceptible to increase, and a disappointed pupil would be no recommendation to me

PROOF.

"Lance-cpl. F. C. Y. (Chatham) writes: "Am truly astonished and delighted with the result, which is this—a gain of one inch in a month. This I consider remarkable, and a splendid testimony to the efficacy and value of your system and the exercises which you prescribed for me, taking into consideration the fact that I have been in the army some time, and a considerable time having elapsed since I completed all drill and gymnastics as a recruit."

W. F. H. (Newport) writes: "I am pleased to tell you that I have reached six feet."

G. H. B. (Bradford) writes: "I have just completed your three months' course for increasing the height, and am pleased to say when I started my height was 4 feet 9½ inches, but it is now 5 feet, an increase of 2½ inches, which I think is very good."

A. K. (Southsea) writes: "I am pleased to let you know that I have gained 2¼ inches."

A. W. (Rochdale) writes: "I have just been exercising five weeks. I have done my best to follow your advice faithfully, and I am delighted with results in such a short space of time. I have had physical culture courses before, but they have never done me anything like the good yours has. To begin with, I have gained almost an inch in height, and that means absolute growth, not straightening up, because I was perfectly straight to begin with. Every one of my measurements has increased a good deal. Also, I feel brighter and have more energy and vigour. My exercises have a fascination for me, and are not a burden; their variety makes them a real pleasure to perform."

W. B. E. (Johannesburg) writes: "I must say the improvements have been wonderful. In fact, several of my friends have remarked the splendid carriage I have, and I have never really felt fitter in my life."

G. C. (Birmingham) writes: "I have now finished my third lesson, and my height has increased by half an inch. I consider it is very good, because I have not grown at all for about two years. I am now going strong."

A. W. (Southwark) writes: "I have made very satisfactory progress. Gained desired increase in height and all round physical development under your system, which I shall recommend at all times. Health much better."

The full names and addresses of these and many other students who heartily recommend my system will be sent to all interested readers.

Write to-day, enclosing three penny stamps, for particulars of my system.

ARTHUR GIRVAN, The Six-Foot Specialist,
Dept. M, 17, Stroud Green Road, London, N.

STOCKS AND SHARES.

BY "ORTHOS," THE FINANCIAL EDITOR.

Despite the further Balkan trouble and the white man's strike in South Africa markets keep remarkably firm.

* * *

The fact is that the rash speculator has been cleared out of the markets, and quotations all round being so very low the genuine investor is buying.

* * *

Home Rails have been the strongest market, and with stocks full of a half year's dividend prices are likely to improve considerably during the month.

* * *

Great Centrals show to advantage with a traffic increase of £7,700. The Preference Stock at 35½ is most decidedly cheap. Other stocks worth purchasing for a rise are Brighton Deferred, Dover "A", and North British Deferred.

* * *

The American market has been showing to better advantage during the last few days. Reports as to both cotton and grain are more encouraging, and the market has also benefited from the Court's acceptance of the Harriman Dissolution Plan after consultation with the Government.

* * *

Great interest has been taken in Eries the last few days, and many assert that the Erie Railroad is earning 4 per cent. on its common stock. The old story is being revived about an early resumption of dividends on the First Pref. Eries have gained a point or two this week, and as the line is doing extremely well the common stock is very cheap at 26 dols. or 27 dols.

* * *

Union Pacifics are better, and now that the air has been cleared of the Merger Scheme, with better times, I can see this stock rising 20 points in the next three or four months. In fact, I look upon Union Pacifics as a most excellent sound investment at the present price of 150 dollars.

* * *

I strongly warn readers against speculating in Canadian Pacifics, but as an investment they are worth holding.

* * *

Grand Trunk Third Pref. are worth picking up at £55 or £56, but I do not advise readers to touch Mexican Railway Ordinary, although the 6 per cent. Preference of this line are an attractive speculative investment at £91.

* * *

In reply to the numerous letters I have received this week from readers of this paper with reference to the Bowerman's Press Shilling Shares. These shares are still procurable at par, free of all expenses like brokerage, commission, etc., by applying direct to the Secretary of the Company at Farringdon House, Farringdon Street.

* * *

Readers can satisfy themselves of the attractiveness of these 1s. shares by enquiring of newsagents and bookstall clerks how *Modern Life* is selling. As a matter of fact, the paper is increasing in sales each week, and I suppose this accounts in a great measure for the interest being taken at the present time in these shares.

* * *

Oils continue a better market and Shell Transport are a little better at 5⅛ x.d.

* * *

Spies are most decidedly worth purchasing at 21s. Last week's production of 4,703 tons is an increase of 425 tons.

* * *

Mexican Eagle are lower at 1 15-16, but Premier Pipe at 16s., and Galician Oil Trust at 7s., are slightly better.

* * *

The Mining Market has been very much upset this week owing to the rapid spread of the white man strike. Prices have been marked down all round, but as the open position is very small there has been very little forced selling of shares.

* * *

It is remarkable that despite this bad news the only share that should hold its price in the Kaffir Group is Simmer Deep. This is another proof of the strength of this share, and I again recommend readers with money to spare to purchase and hold as many as they can for double the price.

For the benefit of new readers I would once more mention that Simmer Deep are £1 shares fully paid and obtainable at the present time from 3s. 9d. to 4s. The Company's profits average about £7,000 per month.

* * *

The only other shares that I care to mention, or recommend at the present time, among South Africans are Sheba Gold 5s. shares which can be obtained at par. For further information regarding these shares I would refer my readers to the June 28th issue of this paper.

* * *

I shall be pleased to forward the name and address of a member of the Stock Exchange to any readers wishing to invest or speculate.

ORTHOS.

* * *

BRIEF REPLIES.

H. J. Lewis.—With the exception of Simmer Deep, I should advise you to leave Mining Shares entirely alone. Chartereds may look cheap at about 18s., but I should not be surprised to see them down at 10s. You should write to the Secretary of the Company for Bowerman's Press 1s. shares.

[illegible]—I think you can safely buy Kaffirs and markets to go better after the present [illegible]

Rubber (Edinburgh).—Pataling Rubber Estates [illegible] this market, but in view of the low prices now ruling [illegible] question of whether they will be able to maintain [illegible] 275 per cent.

Enquirer (Glasgow).—Bowerman's Press 1s. shares are entitled to a dividend of 10 per cent. in priority to the Deferred shares, and after participate in the full profits of the company. You should send your application to the Secretary of the Company. I can confidently recommend National Steam Cars as a good industrial investment.

THE FINANCIAL EDITOR WILL BE PLEASED TO ANSWER ANY ENQUIRY BY POST ON RECEIPT OF P.O. FOR SIXPENCE, OR BY WIRE, ONE SHILLING.

A.B.C. GUIDE TO STOCK EXCHANGE
(44th Edition, 1913).
Stock Exchange Operations thoroughly explained, also Call Options. How to open an account with limited risk. How to avoid Broker's Commissions. Contains Highest and Lowest Sales for last 25 years. Gratis from Publishers.
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RACING.

BY "OLD HAND."

R. Wootton's apprentices do not get the riding at Newmarket they deserve. On the first two days of the First July meeting, neither the brothers Huxley, Smythe, or McKenna were seen in the saddle. The last-named is the only one of the four who is entitled to the apprentice allowance, and no doubt owners and trainers will see that he has plenty of riding when the nursery season is on.

A. Whalley, who is fortunately no worse for the accident at Ascot, made a successful return to business at headquarters on Tuesday, when after a strenuous set-to with Pharos and Battle-Axe, he landed Canonite a winner for the Trial Selling Plate. It was almost a dead-heat between three, only the shortest of heads giving Mr Edge's horse first position. Battle-Axe started a good favourite for this race and although just failing he is by no means done with, and can safely be trusted to carry Mr. F. C. Parker's colours to the front very shortly.

An interesting memento of the sale of Craganour was on view in a gold frame in Mr. C. Hailey's window at Newmarket. This was the cheque for £30,000 that Mr. E. Tanner forwarded to Mr E. Bower Ismay for the disqualified Derby horse. It was dated June 9, or five days after the Derby was decided.

Mr. Stevenson, who trains near Portslade, is better known in South Africa, where he prepared many winners. He only started business in this country this season but has soon proved most capable, having turned out the following winners: Quick Time, Shino, and Miss Malecka. The first and last-named have passed out of his possession, but Shino can be relied upon to win a little race before the season is much further advanced. Recently Constance H., Done-in-the-Eye, Hitchy Koo, and Oneida II. have been added to his string, and will doubtless be kept to their class and should soon repay their new owner.

Prior to the recent Sandown meeting Parade was the highest-priced plater of the season, the purchaser being Mr. W. M. Singer, and the price paid 810 guineas. This was at the Newmarket First Spring meeting. Curiously enough it was Mr. Singer who beat his own figures when he secured Drapa for 1,200 guineas. Both these two-year-olds are now under the care of Alec Taylor, at Manton. Some good horses have been secured from selling-plates, notably, King's Messenger, Victor Wild, Ypsilanti, and Long Set. Not one of these animals cost as much as Mr. Singer's juveniles.

At the Newmarket Sales on Tuesday, Mr. A. M. Singer, who is a brother of the gentleman alluded to in the foregoing paragraph, secured Taslett and Preferment, the prices being 5,200 guineas and 2,600 guineas respectively. Apparently Mr. Singer means to take up racing again, he having been paying most of his attention to aviation and recently crossed the Channel in a balloon in company with Mr. C. F. Pollock.

We have plenty of racing this week, the meetings being Nottingham, to-day (Monday); Bibury Club (Salisbury), and Nottingham on Tuesday; Bibury Club and Pontefract on Wednesday and Thursday; the week finishing up with Lingfield and Haydock Parks on Friday and Saturday. Some useful handicaps are down for decision and the sport should be good.

At the lace city on Tuesday the St. Albans handicap will be decided, and some useful horses will take part, Apprentice, Newmarket, Shanballymore, West, and Sobieski appearing a likely lot for the winner to come from. The last-named has a reputation of being unreliable, but is running into form, and may prove dangerous. Apprentice and Newmarket met at York in May, when the latter won the Flying Dutchman's Handicap from Svetec, with Apprentice, who now has a pull of 8lb., fifth. I shall expect Newmarket to confirm that running. Of the Middleham trained pair I like West best, and taking a line through Svetec I shall expect Colling's gelding to prove the danger to my selection

NEWMARKET.

On Wednesday, at the Southern fixture, the Bibury Cup is the principal event. With an acceptance of seventeen the field should reach double figures. Rivoli won a couple of races at Ascot and previously ran well in the Newbury Spring Cup. He should prove very dangerous. Others that appeal

The Winner of £1,000

The Editor of "JOHN BULL" on Feb. 1st, stated:—

"We have many times expressed satisfaction with Mr. H. Diamond's methods, and can assure our readers that from beginning to end each sweep promoted by him is absolutely straight, square, and above-board."

The "MIRROR OF LIFE" on June 7th, stated:—

"We can certify as to the equitable way in which they are carried out, and of their fairness in every particular of Mr. H. Diamond's sweepstakes."

The Winner of £200

Louvois, second in the Derby, was drawn by Mr. C. M. Davies, Whitby House, Priory Hill, Milford Haven. The £200 second prize was sent to him by registered letter on the Monday after the race.

Mr. R. P. WEEKS,
50, Bailey Street,
Brynmawr, Brecon, South Wales,
drew "Aboyeur" in our Derby Sweep, and the first prize of £1,000 was sent to him by registered letter on the Monday after the race. The despatch of the money was supervised by the special correspondent of "John Bull."

The Winner of £100

"Great Sport" was drawn by Mr. H. Farley, c/o W. A. Mutlow, Box 96, Post Office, Waterville, Quebec, Canada, and the third prize of £100 was despatched to him by registered letter on Monday, June 9th, in the form of a draft on the Royal Bank of Canada, made payable in Quebec.

H. DIAMOND LUCERNE SWITZERLAND
Letter Postage 2½d. Post Cards 1d.

to me are Fort (a winner over the course in May), Junior, Fiz Yama, and

THE TYLT.

The last-named won the Northumberland Plate in fine style and I shall expect him to credit Lord Derby with this nice stake.

At Haydock, on Friday, the Great Central Handicap will be run. Recent winners in Rouleau, Sir Tristram, and Prim Simon appear amongst the entries, but I shall declare for

KODAK,

who appears nicely weighted, and is a likely winner shortly.

At the same meeting on Saturday the Old Newton Cup takes place. Wagstaff heads the handicap, but I shall look lower down for the probable winner. Fallon's pair, Fellah and Claretoi both have good chances, and the selected should be the danger to

BEN TROVATO,

who was considerably fancied for the Northumberland Plate, and should make amends here.

My other selections are as follows:—

NOTTINGHAM.—Monday.

Saville Plate: White Slave.
Elvaston Plate: Cyklon.

Tuesday.

Holme Pierrepoint Plate: Tosson.
Clumber Plate: Palnatoki.

BIBURY CLUB.—Tuesday.

Salisbury Plate: Marriage Market
Wilton Handicap: Quantock.

Wednesday.

All Aged Plate: Workgirl.
Bibury Stakes: Torbane.

Thursday.

Members' Plate: Flamen.
Downton Handicap: Icy Cup.

PONTEFRACT.—Wednesday.

Pontefract Handicap: Entebbe.
Trial Handicap: Lord of Song.

Thursday.

Great West Riding Handicap: Svetec.
Alexandra Handicap: Leaflet.

LINGFIELD PARK.—Friday.

Batnor's Plate: Glenim.
Summer Handicap: Fusany.

Saturday.

Blackwell Hollow Plate: Blue Stone.
Great Foal Plate: Hapsburg.

HAYDOCK PARK.—Friday.

July Plate: Calgary.
Lowton Plate: Llanette of Bath.

Saturday.

Paddock Plate: Cyklon.
Two-year-old Selling: Plasticine.

HEIGHT AND APPEARANCE.

A miniature painting may be as beautiful as a full-size picture, but when we come to consider beauty in relation to the human figure we find the opinion unanimous that a certain definite stature is to be regarded as the ideal. In the case of men, that ideal is six feet, and there is many a man who would willingly pay a hundred pounds an inch to acquire those few inches by which he falls short of that ideal. Such heavy expenditures are not, however, necessary. The leading specialist in the increase of height, Mr. Arthur Girvan, makes one definite, and it may be added very moderate charge for his treatment of every case. His success has been such that, with the wider adoption of his methods, we may certainly expect to see a very considerable improvement in the general height and physique of the nation. Already such an improvement is to be noted in those who have taken Mr. Girvan's course of instruction. His results are obtained by a series of special exercises, which are performed without the use of any appliances, and which are of such a kind as to be readily understood by anyone from the postal lessons which Mr. Girvan supplies. Those who wish to avail themselves of his treatment should write to him direct, at 17, Stroud Green Road, London, N. If when doing so you mention that you are one of our readers, we are sure that you will receive every attention.

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THE OUTER MAN.

By CAPTAIN L. H. SAUNDERS.

As the holiday season is coming on apace, it behoveth one to give some attention to the question of appropriate gear.

* * *

Homespuns come in naturally for consideration, and in this connection it may be stated that, despite prosecutions, both official and instituted by persons interested in certain homespun industries, there are still many cloths sold as Homespuns which are not so.

* * *

The Homespun proper is composed from hand-twisted yarn, which is afterwards woven into cloth upon a hand-loom.

* * *

Machine-spun yarn, woven upon a hand-loom, does not constitute a genuine Homespun.

* * *

The difference between the two yarns, and in the cloth afterwards produced, lies in the rough uneven character of the yarn twisted by hand, and also in the fact that in the hand-spun yarn you may be practically certain that there is no admixture of cotton with the pure wool.

* * *

This is an indiscretion or accident which unfortunately is prone to occur in many of the woollen yarns of ordinary commerce.

* * *

The genuine Homespun is soft and comfortable in use, yet tough and lasting in wear. The loose weave makes it perfectly porous, reducing largely the possibility of perspiring when exercising.

* * *

The genuine Homespun, moreover, is to a great extent waterproof, due to the fact that in the hand washing (*versus* machine washing) much of the natural oil is retained in the wool.

* * *

If you examine the sheep's fleece after heavy rain you will find that the rain has run off the tips of the wool. A quarter of an inch down, the fibre is as dry as if Jupiter Pluvius had never existed.

* * *

This fact is due to the natural oil, and the natural oil in the wool is quite a valuable asset in the use of Homespuns.

* * *

If you decide upon a Homespun for your suit or overcoat, see that you get it.

* * *

There are a number of merchants and tailors whose word is as good as their bond, and when they sell you a Homespun, you may rely upon it, you have got it.

* * *

If any of my readers have any doubt as to where to get the genuine Simon Pure in Homespuns, let them communicate with me, and I shall be glad to put them into the proper hands.

* * *

Gloves are like a portmanteau—better not to look too new and immaculately clean.

* * *

By the way, I saw a pair of gloves a few days ago which were to me a novelty, in that the palm portion of them was composed of a sort of net work.

* * *

I have seen this before in gloves for cycling, *et cetera*, but not in those of the more dressy type, and I should imagine they are particularly cool and comfortable in wear.

YOUR WILL-POWER

can be developed to double its present strength in a few weeks by means of "The St. Settef Course of Will Culture." Concentration, Self-Reliance, and Memory enormously increased, while **your face and bearing denote Greater Strength of Character and Personality. "St. Settef Course" is warmly recommended by "Modern Opinion," Rev. T. Alexander Seed, etc.** The fee for the whole Course (four absorbingly interesting lessons) is 2/6 (abroad 5d. extra). The Course is sent in plain sealed envelope. **THE ST. SETTEF INSTITUTE (Dept. M.), PERTH, SCOTLAND.**

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THREE INCHES IN THREE MONTHS

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"I have personally tested it and can testify that it has greatly increased my Height besides augmenting my general Development and Fitness."

Mr. S. A. (Nottingham), June 4, 1913, writes:

"Although I have only mastered the first part of your system, I must say that your course has been very beneficial so far in toning up the body and strengthening the nerves. I am so confident in your marvellous system that when the full course has been completed the desired results will have been obtained. **There is one great point in your exercises which has a unique advantage over other systems, and that is the pressure on the cartilage.**"

Mr. M. E. (Halifax), Feb. 21, 1913, writes:

"I have already increased a good inch in height and about three inches more round chest and waist and am feeling in the pink of condition, although I have up to now only practised parts one and two out of the eight."

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MEMBER'S APPLICATION FORM.

Please enter my name in the Register as a Member of the *Modern Life* League, and send me a membership card bearing my registered number, for which I enclose a P.O. for sixpence and a stamped addressed envelope. I will at all times do my best to increase the sale of the paper and introduce new members to the League.

Name .....

Address .....

In cases where members have been introduced, fill in below name and registered number of the member.

M..... Registered No. .....

Modern Life has already become an unqualified success and the circulation continues to grow by many thousands of copies each week.

This success is in a great measure due to the untiring efforts of our League members in introducing the paper to their friends and securing fresh members to the League. We want all new members to join in this good work, for which we will suitably reward them.

We have now completed arrangements whereby benefits which will appeal to all will be extended to *Modern Life* League membets, and we shall continue to add to this list from time to time so as to make the League indispensable to all readers of this cleverly illustrated weekly that deals with Modern Life in all its phases.

A SILVER-PLATED SHAVING SET.

We have just concluded very favourable arrangements with two big insurance companies which enable us to issue policies to League members of every class of insurance, Fire, Life, Burglary, Accidents, etc., etc., and allow the substantial discount of 10 per cent. on all premiums. This benefit should prove an immense boon to thousands of our readers. In the first instance application should be made direct to us for proposal forms, and when writing state what class of policy you wish to take up.

BENEFITS FOR LEAGUE MEMBERS.

A SILVER-PLATED SHAVING SET

OR A

HANDSOMELY FRAMED FACSIMILE OIL PAINTING

for every member introducing twelve new members to the League.

Half Crown P.O.s to all who distribute copies and introduce six new members.

10 per cent. discount will be allowed on all premiums to members who wish to insure against Life, Fire, Accidents, Burglary, Workmen's Compensation, etc.

Members wishing to help the sale of *Modern Life* by distributing specimen copies should fill in the form below, put it in an envelope and address it to Distribution Dept., *Modern Life* Office, Farringdon House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

FACSIMILE OIL PAINTING

To all members sending in these forms together with the application forms of six new members we shall give 2/6 P.O.s each week.

DISTRIBUTION FORM.

To the Editor, *Modern Life*.

I shall be pleased to distribute ..... copies of your publication among my friends, which you agree to send me free of charge.

It is understood that if I also introduce six new members you will send me a P.O. for 2s. 6d.

Name .....

Address .....

(Fill in above the number of copies you wish us to send you.)

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